

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

HELLRAISER: DEADER

Screenplay

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Revisions

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FADE IN:

As we roll credits over-

Real tight on a pattern of brown and black textures. The image begins to shake. Slow motion. Graceful.

WE HEAR a low rhythmic THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

The surface slowly peels off like flecks of dried old paint as we pull back a little wider and realize that we're looking at an OLD DOOR.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

The door continues to rattle. Something or someone is behind it, desperately fighting to get out.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...

Wider still to include the rusted, worn doorknob twisting back and forth and shaking. Whatever is in there -- it's locked inside.

SUPER: HELLRAISER:DEADER

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRACK DEN - MORNING

It's almost pitch black in here as a few beams of light fight their way through holes in the torn black window shades of this flop-house apartment.

IN A HIGH SHOT

We take in the scene. A young WOMAN, mid-twenties, lies on an old mattress tossed on the floor in the center of the room. There's a MAN asleep next to her with his arm around her. About a half-dozen others, in various stages of nakedness, are sprawled unconscious around the room.

WE BOOM DOWN and as we do we-

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CRACK DEN - NIGHT

We're in the middle of a crack/X party the night before.

FLASH CUT TO:

Our YOUNG WOMAN (AMY KLEIN) moving through the party. She reaches into the pocket of her long black coat and lifts out a TAPE RECORDER. She clicks it on and slips it back into her pocket.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE MAN from our opening shot offers her some X. She lets him place it on her tongue and then she swallows it. He smiles, pleased, and turns to leave. She quickly but slyly removes the X from her mouth and flicks it away.

FLASH CUT TO:

Later. The party in full gear. Things are really starting to get weird here as the crack pipe starts to make it's way around the room.

FLASH CUT TO:

Amy's putting on a full "X" performance, taking the crack pipe and quickly passing it on, pretending to be too far gone for another hit, all the while studying the other partiers with a keen reporter's eye.

FLASH CUT TO:

Later. After everyone has left. The sun is coming up. Amy alone with the MAN. He's half-naked on the mattress, trying to pull Amy close. Amy's looking for a safe exit, but she's stayed too long and he's starting to get a little rough with her. A wrong move now could push him over the edge.

FLASH CUT TO:

Amy's vision starts to blur. Did he slip her something?

FLASH CUT TO:

He pulls her onto the bed with him and starts to undress her, she can't fight him off. But then his eyes roll back in his head and he passes out.

FLASH CUT TO:

Amy looks around the room which is starting to swirl. She tips out of frame and we-

CUT TO:

INT. CRACK DEN - DAY

Back to scene as Amy's eyes flutter open, quickly adjusting to her unfamiliar surroundings. She freezes for a beat, then after determining that the Man is asleep, she slides her way off the mattress and rolls quietly onto the floor.

She's relieved when she finds that she's still dressed.

She snatches a small TAPE RECORDER off the ground and clicks rewind -- satisfied.

She snatches a half empty pack of smokes off the floor and she's gone.

EXT. A BUILDING ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF LONDON - DAY

A big sign identifies this old brick building as the home of "The London Underground" -- a weekly newspaper in the "Village Voice" mode, only scuzzier.

INT. OFFICES OF THE UNDERGROUND - DAY

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

A pair of elevator doors open. AMY KLEIN exits and walks towards camera. She's all in black, from her black sneakers and black stockings up to her tinted glasses and jet black hair. The only thing about her that isn't black is a complexion so translucently pale that it bespeaks only the most rare and grudging familiarity with daylight. She has a paper coffee cup and a cigarette in the same hand, and she alternates sips of coffee with puffs of her cigarette with a practiced proficiency. She ignores the unhappy looks of her fellow employees. She clearly has practice at this as well.

Little office cubbies scattered around a converted loft space. "Too Hip" EMPLOYEES sit at their desks, typing at computers, conferring at tables -- going about the business of turning out another issue. They point and whisper as Amy walks by.

Amy passes another cubicle as A YOUNG REPORTER holds the newspaper's FRONT PAGE up in front of Amy. A big headline reads, "How to be a Crack Whore" written over a photo of a crack den in which we glimpse things better left unseen. Beneath the headline is written, "A special report by Amy Klein."

YOUNG REPORTER (O.C.)
Nice reporting Klein. How 'bout you show
me what you learned?

Amy is already past him, she throws back a middle finger for
a response.

YOUNG REPORTER (O.C.)
Maybe later.

BETTY, 50ish, her glasses hanging on the tip of her nose,
sees Amy coming.

BETTY
Hey, Amy...

AMY
Morning...

BETTY
Morning? It's half past four.

AMY
Mmm...

Betty gives a broad gesture over her shoulder, pointing
toward the Editor's office across the work space. Amy heads
across the way, toward the office. Betty picks up the phone.

BETTY
(on phone)
Mr. Rickman... Amy's here. Right.

INT. CHARLES RICKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CHARLES RICKMAN, the Editor-in-Chief, is an Englishman in his
early forties, sporting a pony tail which, like a moustache
on a sixteen-year-old, only serves to emphasize his true age.
He's fiddling around with some sort of TV/VCR set up, and is
looking away from the door as it opens and Amy enters behind
him.

CHARLES
(without turning)
Ah, I detect that unique and ubiquitous
combination of female sweat and patchouli
oil that signals the arrival of...

He turns toward a dour Amy.

CHARLES
...the delightful and world-famous Amy
Klein. Have a seat, angel of light.

AMY
Eat me, Charles.

CHARLES
It's exactly that lack of respect for
authority that got you fired from the New
York Post.

AMY
I wasn't fired. I was re-assigned.

CHARLES
Of course. Where would you be without me?
By the way, I don't recall ever being
thanked properly for this "re-
assignment".

Charles makes air quotes with his fingers.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Lucky for you I opened my doors to you
here as soon as I heard you were
"available".

More air quotes. Amy walks over to a "trophy table" where
she looks over a cluster of framed photo's. She points to one
of her and Charles, smiling together. More innocent times
for both.

AMY
I seem to recall a rather similar
"reassignment" with you, Charles.

CHARLES
Touche'. Well, thanks to international
conglomerates and the Euro-dollar I,
along with Mother England, am blessed
with your acquaintance, yet again.

AMY
Hey a contract's a contract.

She holds up the cassette recorder.

AMY (CONT'D)
Look, if all this about me being late
with the crack whore story It's all right
here -- and it's gold. I was just about
to-

CHARLES
(interrupting)
It's not about the crack whores, I'm sure
you're working your usual unrestrained
insightful magic on what I'm certain will
be another eye-opening expose. I expect
nothing but brilliance -- in five
thousand words or less.
(beat)
But this is better.

Amy spots an open container of Chinese food on Charles's
desk. She inspects it, then picks something out of it with a
pair of chop sticks.

AMY
So what then? Are we being sued again?

CHARLES
Hmm? Oh no.
(sees her eating)
Please feel free to have some of that.

AMY
Thanks. What is this? General Tso's cat?

CHARLES
Spare me the "Nothing comes close to New
York Chinese" speech just this once. Go
on, sit down. Just something I wanted to
show you...

He heads back over to the VCR. Amy ditches the Chinese food
and picks up her coffee again. She sits, lights another
cigarette.

CHARLES
Okay... rewind, rewind? Rewind.

He finds the button, presses it and turns back to Amy.

CHARLES
Somebody mailed us this thing around two
weeks ago but, in keeping with our usual
level of efficiency, Betty didn't get
around to opening it 'til this morning.
Then she brought it to me.

AMY
What is it?

Charles closes the door.

AMY

What's the matter? This X-rated or something?

CHARLES

Something. Amy, with your encyclopedic world-wide knowledge of skank-ology -- have you ever heard of "Deaders?"

AMY

Oh, sure. They're generally in their forties, kind of ex-hippy types. They still think Jerry Garcia is like "really cool" even though he's dead.

CHARLES

Not dead-heads...
Dead - ers. D-E-A-D-E-R -- S.

AMY

You know, sometimes they wear ponytails. Dream about how great the sixties were. You see 'em in the park sometimes...

CHARLES

Love of my life, go screw yourself. I'm asking you a serious question.

AMY

No, Charles. I've never heard of "Deaders."

CHARLES

Watch the tape.

Charles goes to the VCR and hits the play button. Amy finishes her coffee and lights a new cigarette with the still-glowing butt of her last one. She leans forward.

ON THE TAPE

The image flickers into view. It's handheld, low-rez, clearly been shot in some dingy apartment somewhere, decorated in a "mattresses on the floor/beer spray on the walls" type decor. There are around half a dozen PEOPLE there, in their twenties and younger. They drift in and out of frame, in and out of focus.

We hear a woman's voice -- clearly the person who is operating the camera, as the shot moves about the room. This is MARLA CHEN.

MARLA
(off screen)
Okay, okay. Here we go. There's Anna...

The camera hesitates for a fleeting moment on ANNA, a girl with bright dye-red hair (on the side of her head that isn't shaved). Anna looks, with no particular expression and goes away.

The camera turns toward a smudged mirror on the wall and we get a look at Marla, a twenty-ish Asian girl.

MARLA
Here's Marla Chen, official Deader
Archivist. Hello, me.

The camera turns toward a door as it opens and KATYA, a young round-faced girl with dark hair, comes out, looking a bit nervous.

MARLA
(off screen)
And here's the star of the show. Katya...

She gives a little smile. The camera swings over toward a mattress on the floor. Some of the people are tugging a plastic sheet over it. One of them, and the one who clearly appears to be in authority -- a man with albino-like features -- WINTER.

MARLA
And here's our deader bed -- this is the
scene of the crime. Crime to be...

The camera moves in on Winter.

MARLA
And here is the fearless leader of the
Deaders... Winter.

Winter glances up, then dismisses the camera altogether. He looks off screen, then raises his hand. The room quiets. We hear various voices.

VOICES
Shh. Quiet. We're starting.

Winter looks up and the camera swings toward Katya. She hesitates. A girl next to her starts to prompt her.

WINTER
Do you become one of us of your own free
will?

KATYA

Yes.

WINTER

Are you afraid?

KATYA

Yes.

WINTER

Good. Fear is the place we go to learn.

She hesitates.

KATYA

(reciting)

My skin isn't real. My eyes aren't real.
My muscles aren't real. My bones, my
heart, my veins and nerves, and flesh and
meat... aren't real. What I see, what I
hear, what I taste, what I touch, what I
remember, what I think, what I feel,
aren't real.

WINTER

(off screen)

Go on.

KATYA

I'm not real.

The camera swings back to Winter, who gestures for her to come forward, then swings back to see her coming.

The various people in the room gather around as she comes to the mattress. The camera moves this way and that, trying to get the best angle to cover the action. People spread towels on the mattress, over the plastic, as Katya, naked, sits down on the towels, then lays back, flat on the mattress.

Winter looks to the Black Kid standing next to him. He comes up with a big handgun -- maybe a .45.

KATYA

I'm not real...

The camera moves in closer as Winter takes the gun and slips it into Katya's hand.

KATYA

I'm not... I'm not real...

She slides the gun over and puts it to the side of her head.

AMY

...sits forward in her seat, not quite believing what she's seeing.

AMY
Holy ... Charles...

CHARLES
Just keep watching.

ON THE TAPE

Katya is breathing fast now, but we can't be sure if it's terror, or passion, or some combination of both. She continues to lie on the mattress, the barrel of the gun pressed against the side of her head.

KATYA
I'm not real. I'm not...

Winter reaches out, hesitant, and cocks the gun in her hand. Meanwhile, we see other hands, reaching in, pressing a folded up towel against the opposite side of her head. Other hands come in and press a doubled-over pillow against the towel.

KATYA
I'm not real. I'm not... I'm not...

She closes her eyes, grits her teeth. Her back arches.

AMY

drops her cigarette as it burns down to her fingers. She stands.

ON THE TAPE

Katya holds her breath... and pulls the trigger.

There's a huge CONCUSSION as the bullet tears straight through her head. We can see it splatter out the other side, tearing through the towel and the folded over pillow, which catch a great blast of bone and brain.

We hear some screams in the room.

AMY jumps back.

AMY
Have you called the police on this?

CHARLES
Just watch...

AMY
I want to know if you've called the
pol...

CHARLES
I said, "Just watch."

AMY
Oh, man, don't tell me that was some
special effect...

CHARLES
You tell me.

AMY
This is sick...

CHARLES
That's saying a lot, for you.

The camera is now pointing at Winter. There is a look of deep tenderness in his face as he circles around and kneels down, staring toward Katya, who is lying, as dead as dead can be, on the mattress. Blood has run from the ghastly wound down both sides of the plastic, and towels on the side of the bed catch the mess.

Winter reaches down and gently removes the gun from Katya's lifeless hand... and then, light as a feather, lies down on top of her.

The camera moves forward and down as Marla, presumably, elbows her way through for a better vantage point. The camera moves in close as Winter stretches out along Katya's body.

He places his lips on her forehead, kissing her lightly, then presses his lips against hers -- kissing her -- or maybe something else. It seems almost as if he's breathing into her. His body moves as his lungs expand and expel, and he seems to be struggling toward some non-sexual climax.

AMY

watches, both repelled and fascinated.

ON THE TAPE

Winter continues his odd ritual, finally taking a great final breath, as if he's reached the point of exhaustion, and expels it. Nothing happens.

He leans in close.

WITH AMY

Amy leans in close as well.

WITH WINTER

He draws in another breath -- he seems to be in agony as he does it -- presses his lips to Katya's dead ones, and exhales. The breath seems to go on forever -- longer than it should.

And then, when it seems as if Winter can't breathe out another teaspoon of air, Katya's body abruptly twitches beneath him -- and then she sucks in a ragged breath. Her previously open and lifeless eyes, move. Her head raises up.

WITH AMY

She simply stares, breathing again for the first time in a moment, unable to quite take in what she's seeing.

ON THE SCREEN

Winter, exhausted, looks down at Katya, smiling. There's nervous laughter, sounds of relief from around the room. Winter slides off of her. Katya looks this way and that, presumably at the others, looking down at her.

A hand reaches down and she takes it. The camera follows as Winter pulls her unsteadily up to standing. All this despite the fact that there is still an exceedingly large and obvious hole in her head... the size of a dime on one side, the size of a half-dollar on the other.

The others move in, touching her, congratulating her. She's still a bit shaky, uncertain. Then she lifts one of her hands to the side of her head -- the side with the big exit wound. She touches it gingerly, confirming that it is really there.

Then she slowly slides her fingers IN. They penetrate her skull, unobstructed, to the second knuckle. Katya takes her fingers from this ghastly wound and stares at them, bloody. Yet she's alive. Fine.

She looks up at the others, then smiles widely. The others move in, giving her hugs, pecks on the cheek.

She touches the wound again. She starts laughing.

KATYA
(as if actually realizing) it)
I'm fine...

She touches the wound again.

KATYA
I feel great...

She starts laughing.

KATYA
Oh, man! Oh, man...

The image cuts off, goes to snow. There is a moment of silence. Amy turns to Charles.

AMY
What the hell...

CHARLES
That's what I said.

AMY
Have you... have you found any of these...

CHARLES
I haven't done anything. I told you, I just looked at it today. By some chance are you... interested in pursuing this?

Amy hesitates, shaking her head, not sure what it's all about.

CHARLES
Look, Amy. Maybe this is just some kind of bull-shit shot-on-tape gore movie. And since that's all it can be, that's all you're going find, but it sure smells different to me. If it's bull-shit, you'll know pretty fast. If it's not...

Amy, though, is only half listening, lost in her own thoughts.

AMY
How could she...

CHARLES

Who said miracles can only happen at Lourdes?

AMY

Who said they happen there?

She lifts her fingers to the side of her head, duplicating the action of Katya slipping her fingers inside the wound.

CHARLES

Amy... you know what my father said once...

AMY

That all writers were queers?

CHARLES

No, that was a different time. This time, we were driving down the block and there was this fortune-telling place, you know, this gypsy fortune telling place in a store front? And he said, "You know, if I could tell the future I wouldn't be living in any crappy store front."

He looks back at the tape.

CHARLES

If I could do that, I wouldn't be hanging out in some rundown basement. I'd own the earth.

AMY

Maybe they're just getting started.

CHARLES

Maybe.

AMY

What else do we have besides the tape?

CHARLES

Just a return address on the envelope.

He holds up the envelope which is addressed to "AMY KLEIN C/O THE UNDERGROUND". Amy hesitates. Snatches the envelope out of his hand. She reads the return address.

CHARLES

Looks like your online fan-base is growing. It's an address in Bucharest. It's where all the Euro-trash kids looking for a good time are heading these days. Amsterdam is so 90's.

She's shocked that he would even know.

AMY

Why Charles...

CHARLES

I still like to keep my finger on the pulse, even though I know you think I don't have one.

She thinks about it. He hands her a thick envelope.

CHARLES

Your ticket, hotel and per diem.

She smiles.

AMY

You know me too well.

CHARLES

It's what keeps me up at night.

(beat)

Now here's the part where I'm supposed to say be careful. Be careful.

AMY

Always.

CHARLES

Call me when you get settled.

She just smirks and exits.

EXT. EASTERN EUROPE - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE a train rolling through the countryside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

SUPER TITLE: BUCHAREST

A cab pulls up to the front of the building. Amy gets out and walks up to the front door.

She pulls an envelope out of her bag. It's the one that the tape came in. She checks the name on the envelope -- MARLA CHEN. Compares it to a name on the mailboxes.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Amy walks past the lobby and up the stairs.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Amy makes her way down the narrow dark hallway and finds the appropriate door. She knocks at it. No answer.

She looks down and sees a lone fly crawl out from under the door. Then another follows, and another. She kneels down to inspect it.

She leans forward and sniffs. The results are inconclusive. Then she lays herself flat down on the floor, presses her nose up against the bottom of the door and sniffs.

The smell of dead wretched air is overwhelming.

And that's when a large WORN SHOE steps into frame right in front of Amy.

MANAGER (O.C.)
(irritated, with appropriate
accent)
Have you lost something?

Amy leaps up in one quick move to find herself face to face with THE MANAGER, an older man who's a little winded from his climb up here. Between his teeth he clenches a half chewed, three quarter smoked cigar. The smoke seeps through his yellowed teeth.

AMY
Yes, I ah.....

She pats her pockets. Then tries another tactic.

AMY
No. I'm looking for my sister. Marla
Chen.

MANAGER
You're not Chinese.

AMY
She's my half sister. Same Mom. Different
Dads. I haven't heard from her in two
weeks so I got nervous.

The Manager stares at her in disbelief. Knows she's up to
something. Amy sniffs the air coming from the room again.

AMY
Does it always smell like this in here?

The Manager blows a bloom of smoke out of his nostrils. He
yanks the cigar from his mouth and sniffs. Doesn't seem that
bad to him.

MANAGER
Like what?

AMY
Look. Marla is a friend of mine and
she's missing.

Amy pulls a few American bills from her pocket.

AMY
I need five minutes in there. Then I'll
know what I need to know.

The Manager stares at the money for a beat, then stares back
at Amy. He bites down on his cigar and snatches it out of her
hand.

MANAGER
Five minutes.

He pulls out his ring of keys and unlocks the door.

Amy enters. The place is dark and cold. Eerily quiet. The
manager stays in the hallway, he looks at Amy and taps his
watch. Amy nods as he pulls the door closed.

She descends down the dark hallway. Her face tightens as she
takes in the deathly ripe air. The BUZZING of flies getting
louder with each step.

As she approaches a room, she recoils, clutching her face
from the stench. She inhales -- drawing in the smell to
acclimate herself -- and almost vomits. She steadies herself,
drawing in breaths through her nose, tentative at first, and
finally in larger breaths, until she can tolerate it.

She looks back toward the entry door, she is alone.

INT. MARLA'S ROOM - DAY

Amy steps in and stops, struggling to keep herself from retching.

No sign of anything dead. No sound except the sinister buzzing of flies. Amy steps cautiously in.

She looks toward one side, sees a closet with a double sliding door. She slides open one side, sees nothing that shouldn't be there -- a ragged winter jacket, a green plastic raincoat, a hangar festooned with scarfs, some other garments still obscured beneath cleaning bag plastic.

She hesitates, then calmly slides the other side open. More of the same.

She turns in the other direction. There's a little kitchen. Nothing dead there. She starts forward then turns back -- staring at the refrigerator. She goes quickly over and tugs it open. It's empty. Not so much as a ketchup bottle. Curious, she opens the freezer. The same. Empty.

She heads through the living room and down a narrow corridor leading to another bedroom. At the end of the hallway is a bathroom. The door to the bathroom is open and the toilet, on the far wall, faces the door.

Marla is there.

Dressed only in bra and panties, she is sitting on the closed lid of the john, leaning forward in what seems, at first, to be an impossible angle. Her hands hang forward, almost touching the floor. Her head is cocked back, staring up. Her skin is gray, swollen.

Amy takes a few steps forward, for a better look. As she approaches, she sees the reason for the odd position of the body.

A long boot-lace has been tied around Marla's neck and tied to the wall pipe on the toilet. The flesh of her neck has swollen out, almost burying the boot-lace. She has hanged herself in this ghastly way.

Amy takes another step forward. As she does, there's a sudden loud buzzing as the flies that crawl on Marla abruptly rise up, alarmed (or whatever it is flies are) at her approach. But they soon return to the corpse, crawling about the face, around the edges of the glazed, eyes, around the margins of the open mouth, rimmed with dry foam -- around the out-thrust tongue.

Amy covers her mouth with her shirt, trying to filter out the stench. She backs away from the body and into another room.

IN THE BEDROOM

Amy starts to search -- fast, thorough, -- she's done this sort of thing before. She finds a journal, opens it... no writing. She tosses it aside. Pulls open a drawer. She tugs out what looks like a blade-less knife handle. She presses a stud. A STILETTO BLADE SPRINGS OUT. She tosses it back in the drawer, tugs some other stuff into view.

Some bills, some shoelaces, loose change. She goes drawer to drawer, looking for anything that might mean something. Socks, ragged underwear, cheap jewelry, tee shirts and short skirts and jeans.

Amy stops, surveying the territory. Where to look next? Then, deciding, she goes to the bed.

She reaches under it, sliding her hand around, tugs out a dust-encrusted skirt. Feels around some more, hesitates, pulls something else out. She brings it out into view. It's a desiccated mouse. She grimaces and tosses it back under the bed in disgust.

She stops... then slides her hand between the mattress and the box spring. She feels around, then stops, finding something. She pulls out a little red paper folder -- the kind that photographs come from. She opens it.

It appears to be a photographic record of another "deader" party. We see some of the same participants -- we also see Marla herself in some of the pictures. She's smiling. Amy flips the next photograph.

It shows Marla next to Winter. He's holding something in his hand. Amy looks closer. THE PUZZLE BOX -- Amy turns another photograph and it shows somebody holding the box out in front of Marla.

The picture is framed through a length of rope with a noose on one end. Marla is on the other side-- Almost a kind of "joke" photo.

She has a kind of sickly smile on her face. Amy's eyes narrow. She holds the picture closer. There seems to be a figure lost in shadows, and the closer she looks the more reality merges with the grains of the photo. What is there? A man?

Amy hears a scratching noise coming from outside the room. She stuffs the book in her satchel.

Amy turns toward the door that leads to the hall and the unseen bathroom. She sits, silent, waiting.

Then the sound of the scratching comes again. The sound of flies rising -- and again, more distinct -- something scratching. She keeps her position, still listening. Nothing. Just the slow steady, untroubled buzzing.

She moves toward the bathroom.

And again there's the tiny scratching, and the rush of sound, as if something has disturbed the flies.

The sound stops. The flies are still except for the occasional buzz.

She advances, until she can glimpse the edge of one of Marla's hanging, out-thrust hands, the tip of one finger just touching the floor. Marla's long fingernails are painted green.

THE BATHROOM

She comes around the edge of the bathroom door. Marla is motionless.

She leans from the pipe by the shoelace. The shoelace is still buried in her throat. The flies buzz up again. The glazed eyes remain fixed in their sockets. One of her hands is not visible from Amy's position.. We see scratches on the floor beneath her fingernails.

Amy steels herself -- and then walks closer. On the corner of the sink, there's a thick manila envelope with something bulky inside -- something that looks just like a cassette tape. There's a name written on it, and the marker is right next to it. It reads "AMY"

Amy must reach past the corpse in order to reach the envelope, horribly close to the body in doing so.

She enters the cramped space and reaches toward the sink. She is about six inches shy of grabbing it. She notices that her hip is almost touching Marla's face as she leans. The flies stir. The stench rises.

She stretches closer, and Marla's body is pushed aside a few inches. Closer and closer AMY reaches.

Her outstretched fingers just manage to touch the envelope. She pitches it and pulls it toward her.

It falls off the sink and onto the floor behind Marla.

Now, Amy must kneel, and reach past Marla face. She holds her breath as she reaches long and far...

She manages to grab the envelope, but her face is almost cheek to cheek with the rotting corpse. As she pulls the envelope up, she notices something else in Marla's hidden hand.

THE PUZZLE BOX.

Amy reaches over and pries open Marla's hand. Her blackened fingers snap as they are pulled off the box. Amy grabs the box and envelope, stuffs them into her bag, and stands.

As she stands next to Marla's body suddenly-

MARLA'S HAND GRABS AMY'S LEG!

Amy shrieks and swats the dead hand away, falling backward onto the floor as she does. She rolls over and, in a half-crawl, half-scramble, gets herself back up to her feet.

Amy backs up against a wall, kicking Marla as she kicks the floor. We can't tell if Marla is moving from the kicks or if she is somehow alive. Either way, its to much for Amy. She stops moving.

Marla's mouth emits a ghastly sound as a stream of liquid falls to the floor. Its almost as if she is trying to speak.

Amy has seen enough. Up she goes as she tears down the hall, through the living room and SMACK INTO THE MANAGER!

Which needless to say, scares the shit out of her. He's standing inside the now open door to the apartment.

AMY
She's dead...

MANAGER
Dead...

AMY
Dead! She hung herself in the bathroom.
Call the police.

The Manager grabs Amy by the arm. He pulls the cigar from his mouth and points it in her direction. Amy hears police sirens in the background.

MANAGER

Already did. Who are you?
(pointing his cigar at Amy's
satchel)
What do you have in there?

In a flash Amy twists her arm out of his grasp, and slings her knee up into his nuts. He doubles over.

INT. THE HALL AND STAIRWAY - DAY

Amy comes flying down the hall at top speed. She reaches the top of the stairs and starts down... ...and as she does, her feet slip.

She slides down five or six steps, then over-balances, throwing out her hands to keep her chin from hitting the polished stone steps. She keeps sliding down, finally over-balancing again, flipping over and landing on her back on the landing half-way between the floors.

AMY

Dammit!

The Manager looks down the stairs for her. He doesn't even attempt to chase her.

MANAGER

Stop her!

He curses her in his native tongue.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Amy breaks through the doors of the building. She hits two of the ten stairs down to the sidewalk. People walking by hardly notice.

Up ahead, a police car is turning down the street. She stops and walks calmly, diverting her eyes. The police car races by, and Amy walks faster, and faster, then runs.

INT. AMY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Close on a tray of ice being cracked apart. It's contents poured into a open towel.

Amy is sitting on the floor in front of her couch, now dressed in only panties and a bra -- an image unpleasantly reminiscent of Marla -- especially with the spotting of bruises and roughly bandaged scrapes on her pale skin.

She has a dripping ice pack in one hand, which she applies to this bruise and that -- and a bottle of gin in the other. She doesn't look happy. She takes a drink, then looks toward a TV and VCR in front of her.

There's a tape half-inserted into the VCR. We can see the empty envelope with "AMY" written on it, lying on the floor.

The tape is within reach of Amy's bare foot, and she lifts a toe toward it, hesitant. She puts her toe against the tape...hanging on the edge of decision. Finally, she shoves it forward with her toe.

It slides into the machine. She grabs up the remote and turns on the set. The IMAGE appears.

It's Marla, looking like she hasn't slept in days, sitting on a chair in her apartment staring into camera. Her eyes are glazed, distant. But she looks a hell of lot better than she did in the bathroom.

MARLA

(a little sad)

I knew you'd come. Course if you're watching this tape, it's already too late for me. But maybe you can stop it.

Amy removes the PUZZLE BOX from her satchel. Stares at it.

MARLA

He promised us pleasures beyond anything we could ever imagine. We just had to fight through the pain first. Easier said than done.

(beat)

Don't open the box Amy. If you do Winter wins, and if he wins-

Someone pounds on a door. Marla panics.

MARLA
(hurried)
Go to Pletkow station at midnight. Go to
the south end of the platform and step
onto the last car. Find a guy named Joey
who runs the show and tell him I sent
you. He'll guide you to them.

The POUNDING GETS LOUDER.

WINTER (O.S.)
Marla!

MARLA
Save them Amy. Please...

WINTER (O.S.)
Marla!

Marla leaps forward and-

MARLA
Those you trust the most -- trust the
least.

- shuts off the camera. It goes black for a few seconds, and
then cuts to snow.

Amy sits, staring at the snow, her face empty. She sets the
PUZZLE BOX on the table and stares at it. Takes a sip of her
drink.

AMY (TO HERSELF)
Don't open it. Right.

A phone rings. It shakes Amy out of her fugue.

She leans over picks up the receiver. An old style phone.

AMY
Yeah...

INT. CHARLES RICKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Charles sits at his desk. He is twisting pencils in a small
plastic sharpener.

(Intercut conversation.)

CHARLES
Don't tell me I woke you up. I won't
believe that.

AMY

You know I don't sleep when I'm working.
What do you want, Charles?

CHARLES

You were supposed to call me.

AMY

You know me, I dove right in. I was
gonna' call you tomorrow.

CHARLES

The thing is... I started thinking.

AMY

You know that's never a good thing
Charles.

Amy looks at the Puzzle box on the table. It seems to be
reflecting the snow of the TV set in some strange form.

She looks closer, it's an ABSTRACT IMAGE OF A LITTLE GIRL
SCREAMING. She compares it to the TV set, it shows only
white static snow.

CHARLES

Look. I know the crazy stuff you do for a
story.

AMY

That's what I get paid for.

CHARLES

And that's why I hired you. It's just.
Just... the thing is, Amy... some things
you shouldn't do, you know what I mean?

Charles finishes a pencil and blows off the shavings.

AMY

Like what?

CHARLES

Look, I say this to you, but in my heart
I know that one time it's going to
happen... that you're going to end up, I
don't know -- dead or god knows what. But
when it does happen, I don't want it to
be my fault.

She watches the image of the little girl fade.

AMY

Okay, Charles. I'll make sure it won't be.

CHARLES

You know, you're messing with my conscience, here. Amy...

AMY

Charles, I can't do the sensitive thing. I don't know how. I get the message. I knew the message before I got it. Okay, Mommy? You've had a change of heart? You want me to come home? Well I can't. Not until I know the truth. So there. You're off the hook. I gotta go.

INT. AMY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Amy hangs up. She waits a moment, hesitates -- then takes the PUZZLE BOX from the table. She begins to explore it's edges with her fingers, rolling it over and over in her hands.

It starts to unlock.

She jumps as it begins to change shape, and sets it back on the table. Light seems to emanate from within as it clicks into another form. The table beneath it seems tremble, the ice in her drink taps against the edge of the glass.

A figure appears in the darkness behind her. PINHEAD. Here we go folks-

THE PHONE RINGS. She nearly leaps out of the chair, striking the puzzle box with her hand. The Puzzle Box closes.

PINHEAD vanishes back into the shadows.

AMY

Charles, I get the message. OK? Your my editor, not my Mommy!

(long beat)

Charles?

Amy waits. But there's no sound.

AMY

Hello? Hello?

A sound comes over the line -- a hoarse gurgling sound - a ghastly wet sound - the same sound Amy heard coming from the throat of the hanged Marla.

MARLA
(through phone, wet choking
voice)
Don't open...

The line goes dead. She shoves the whole phone away from her. She sits, breathing fast for a second, staring at the box. Quiet. Only the sound of the snow on the TV.

She stands and pulls her pants on.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

A thunderous noise trails a subway car as it streaks out of a station.

Lit with cold fluorescent light, Amy, now dressed, with her sunglasses in place, slides her card through the slot and shoves through the turnstile. She descends the long, non-working escalator -- the only one on it at this time of night.

She reaches the subway platform. It is virtually empty.

Amy has come down stairs that land her just about in the middle. She scans the far end of the platform, past a lone FIGURE in a SHINY GREEN PLASTIC RAINCOAT who lies motionless on a bench.

- a couple MIDDLE-AGED GUYS in security uniforms, maybe heading for some night shift somewhere, stand, not moving, hands thrust in pockets.

She turns back to the bench but the FIGURE in the SHINY GREEN RAINCOAT is gone.

She takes up a position at the far end of the platform. She waits.

A moment later, a bit of a breeze starts moving her hair. A few seconds later, a train comes roaring into the station. Amy watches the car pass her, one by one, as the train slows. The train is virtually empty. One car after the next rolls by as the train slows.

Finally, as the train moves slowly to a stop, a car different from the others comes in. This one, for some odd reason, seems to have newspaper covering all the windows -- taped up from the inside.

One of the doors of the covered car comes to a stop directly in front of the spot where Amy is standing -- the spot marked by the stenciled PUZZLE BOX. There's a pause, then the doors slide open -- just one the one set in front of Amy. The others stay closed. The interior of the car is dark -- the lights, apparently, are not working.

A tall ODD-LOOKING MAN in a CONDUCTOR'S UNIFORM is standing there. He gestures toward the adjoining car.

CONDUCTOR

Next car.

AMY

Is Joey on this ride?

CONDUCTOR

Come on in...

She enters. The doors slide closed. The train pulls out.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The interior of the car has been transformed into some odd-ball cross between a very small nightclub and an crackhouse..

As the train passes out of the station, and the lights dim, we can see the lights from joints and crack pipes -- or at any rate something being smoked in some kind of pipe, glinting in the darkness. Various hands reach up and tug down the newspapers, and the tunnel lights come in, providing a flickering, constantly changing illumination.

In the uncertain light, Amy can see the various CELEBRANTS hanging out -- some on the seats, some on the floor, some dressed, some partially undressed, some engaging in desultory drug use, others in desultory sex acts -- mostly teenagers and twenty-nothings.

Amy looks around, not particularly effected by the oddness of the scene. The Conductor touches her arm.

CONDUCTOR

Down that way...

She threads her way through the tangle of people. In the flickering lights she catches glimpses of pale human flesh, PIERCED FACES, PIERCED NIPPLES -- PIERCED THINGS that we can't even be sure what they are.

Expressions flash by in the flickering light, some dull, others laughing.

She pretty much ignores it all as she makes her way toward the rear of the car. A rat feeds on the contents of a young woman's purse as she and another woman are tangled in passion.

There, illuminated in flashes, JOEY, a thin ill-shaven English guy in his mid-twenties is sprawled on a seat. One of his lower eyelids has a ring in it. It flicks up every time he blinks. He reads a newspaper while a woman bobs her head up and down in his lap.

Joey looks up and spots Amy. He points an accusing finger at her, but his mood is good-natured..

JOEY

Ahhhh, now here comes a daring soul. A person committed to a just cause. Another seeker of the truth no doubt.

Joey is clearly smitten with Amy.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I like what I see inside of you.

AMY

Are you Joey?

JOEY

I've been called worse.

He brushes the hair of the woman in his lap, then offers Amy his hand.

JOEY

And I have the privilege of meeting...

Amy looks at the woman in his lap, declines a hand shake.

AMY

Amy Klein. Marla Chen sent me. I'm looking for a girl named Katya. Another young girl with red hair and half her head shaved. A guy with glasses named Winter.

Joey's eyes narrow. Something has clearly clicked. He laughs slightly, starts shaking his head.

JOEY

And the plot thickens. Don't tell me you're mixed up with those mother fuckers. Tell me Amy Klein, do you even know what they're about?

AMY

That's why I'm here. I need you to help me find them.

JOEY

Oh, jeez. Moral quandary time here... What should he do, what should he do? If he tells her -- the hopefully available and eminently fuckable damsel is thrown into the pit of oblivion -- or anyway is potentially fucked up for life. And that would be such a regrettable waste. If he refrains from telling her... she may yet be saved. A possible trophy awaits me. Angel and devil on the shoulder... hmm. Angel, devil, angel, devil. Oh, the hell with it Entropy's destroying everything anyway. Why shouldn't I do my part?

AMY

Tell me what you know about the Deaders.

JOEY

You first. What do you think they do?

AMY

I think they bring the dead back to life.

JOEY

Is that what you really think?

AMY

Who are they? Where can I find Winter?

JOEY

Some people say Winter's some sort of fucked-up guru, some say he's not human, and others say he's not real. But there is a place they hang out -- those who believe I mean.

AMY

Where is it?

Joey hesitates. A part of him clearly doesn't want to tell.

AMY

Joey...

JOEY

Angel, devil, angel, devil.

AMY

If you don't tell me, someone here will.

JOEY

Yeah, you see, now that's the problem.
You've got that fucked up self-
destructive thing going on.

AMY

I'm already into it.

JOEY

Angel, devil, angel, devil

Amy produces the Puzzle Box from her pack. Joey looks at it like he's just seen a ghost.

JOEY

This is making me very unhappy...

He pushes the woman from his lap. He's more serious now.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Poteilari and Minvara. On the northeast corner, two doors down, there's a stairway going down into a closed up building. It's always locked, and they're not always there. I don't know where they are when they're not. And once you get mixed up with them -- it's like that story with the tar baby -- chances are you never get loose, and if you do, you never get clean.

The "Conductor" shouts from somewhere.

CONDUCTOR

Coming in!

Hands promptly reach up, covering the windows with newspaper. The Conductor goes to the door. The band finishes its set as the light from the station shines through the newspapers. Joey, looking drab in the steady uneven light, stares at Amy.

JOEY

I can't take responsibility for you.

AMY

I'm not asking you to.

Amy begins to walk off. Joey leans forward, for the first time he seems sincere, almost foreboding. He shouts over the breaking train.

JOEY

Amy Klein, I'm doing a change of heart thing here, which doesn't usually happen with strangers, but I'm trying to give a little back, it's this whole Karma kick I'm on -- don't do it. Don't go any deeper. Forget about it. Move away. Change your name. Become somebody different.

The other members of the car watch the two of them.

AMY

Can't do that. I've got that fucked up self- destructive thing going on.

JOEY

Yes you do.

The one door hisses open. Amy stares at Joey for a second, turns and departs, back into the fluorescent lit station.

Joey calls after her.

JOEY

Only he can bring you back!

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Amy stands on the platform as the door hisses shut. The train pulls away. She checks her watch, then moves to the other side of the platform. She looks down the tunnel. The light from an approaching train is beginning to reflect off the curved wall of the tunnel.

She turns back in the direction she just looked. Far down the platform, there's a bench with a lone occupant - - a slumped over figure dressed in a SHINY GREEN RAINCOAT. She turns toward it, staring. In the distance, no details of face or form are visible -- just the lumpy figure in the shiny green raincoat. She takes a step toward it, but still cannot make out any detail in the slumped over figure. She approaches... as does the train. There is no sign of movement.

She comes around, closer to the edge of the platform, to get a more direct view of the green-coated form. As she does, she sees that one hand is draped off the front edge of the bench, hanging limp. The hand is gray.

Amy takes a step forward.

His eyes pop open! He looks at her with large black eyes, dead eyes. Dripping from beneath his raincoat is a small pool of fresh blood.

Amy gasps, takes a step back -- and her heel lands on the edge of the subway platform. She struggles for balance.

Abruptly, a man's voice comes from somewhere.

VOICE

Amy Klein!

Amy stumbles forward, goes down to her knees and turns. Around twenty feet behind her, standing on the edge of the platform, with his back toward the drop, is-

- WINTER, wearing a black trench-coat, cinched at the waist.

He looks down the tunnel. Amy does as well. The train is coming into the station. She turns back toward Winter. He stares at her, with malevolent eyes.

And as the train comes flying in, he calmly falls backward, directly into its path.

Amy screams.

In an instant she's up, running alongside the braking train. The doors open, but virtually nobody comes out. The front of the train is still far ahead.

AMY

Hey! You hit someone! Someone fell in front of the train! Hey! Hey!

The doors hiss and start to close. Finally, Amy reaches the front window of the train. She hammers on it. It opens and a middle-aged WOMAN'S face leans out -- the DRIVER.

AMY

Somebody fell... somebody fell in front of the train.

DRIVER

Where? Where is he? Where'd he fall?

AMY

Back there, way back...

She looks back in the direction from which she's come. The bench is now empty.

DRIVER

Aw, damn... Dammit!

Amy, though, is now looking, this way and that -- at the confused faces of people peeking out through the doors of the train. There is no sign of Winter

TIME CUT:

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

The train is still there, doors open. There are TRANSIT COPS on the station, disgruntled passengers hanging out on the platform... TRACK WORKERS are poking around underneath it.

Amy is leaning against one of the metal pillars, staring at the empty bench -- at the place where the mysterious figure was sitting. She's looking grim.

Behind her, a Track Worker approaches the DRIVER, who's standing with a pair of Transit Cops. He's shaking his head, shrugging. The Driver curses, heads back toward the first car. One of the COPS approaches Amy.

COP

Well, the men have looked.

AMY

And there's nothing there?

COP

You don't seem terribly surprised.

AMY

Hmm?

There's a sudden hiss. Amy turns as the train doors close.

COP

I mean, you don't seem terribly surprised that there isn't somebody under the train.

AMY

I don't know what to say. I saw him...

COP

Yeah. That's the thing. Can you tell me again, just what it is that you saw?

AMY

Um, I was standing on the platform...

The train starts to move out of the station. Amy looks toward it. The train is moving on one of the center tracks, so that you can look through the windows of the cars and see through them to the platform on the far side.

AMY
...and, um... I saw this man standing on
the edge of the platform, facing away
from it.

But now Amy is seeing something -- through the windows of the moving train. On the platform on the far side, there is a lone figure, the man in the black trench-coat. Amy jumps, looks more closely.

COP
Did he say anyth...

AMY
It's him.!

In an instant, Amy is tearing down the platform, heading for the stairs that connect to the platform on the other side.

COP
Hey...

Amy is watching, staring through the moving train windows. The figures are still there. Winter is staring at her -

COP
Hey, stop! Tomislav! Tomislav!

In the next instant, the Cop is giving chase, and another Cop, clearly, the "Tomislav" called by the first Cop, further down the station, is rushing in to head Amy off.

AMY
It's them! Over there, over there!

In the next instant, Tomislav tackles Amy and she goes down on her face. Even with the rather large Cop on top of her, she's still struggling.

AMY
God damn it, get off of me! Get the hell
off of me... Get...

She keeps struggling as the first Cop, and the others on the station, converge on her. She looks toward the far platform.

The figure is still there, visible through the windows of the departing train. Then, the last car of the train passes, leaving an unencumbered view of the far side.

The platform is empty. No sign of Winter. No sign of anybody.

Amy stop struggling, as the Cops tug her arms back, handcuffing her. She hardly notices, but keep staring at the empty platform across the tracks. She glances up at the Cops.

A panting Tomislav looks down at her. Then circles his finger around his ear to his comrades. They all understand.

TOMISLAV (IN ROMANIAN)
She's Crazy.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Amy sits slouched in a chair looking particularly pale. The door opens behind her. She hears a familiar voice.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Is this where they keep the cheaper
whores?

Amy glances up at him, without expression.

CHARLES
Christ, you're lucky to have a boss like me. Once again, I have saved your small but relatively shapely behind.

AMY
Least you got to travel. What were they going to charge me with, anyway?

CHARLES
Charge you? They were thinking of shipping you to the government asylum for observation -- and believe me if you go in there, you don't come out. But through my mastery of international negotiations I managed to convince them that you were merely irresponsible. You got your stuff?

AMY
Yeah.

CHARLES
Come on.

Slowly, feeling her bruises, Amy gets up.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Charles and Amy walk and talk. It's pissing down rain. Charles hold an umbrella for the two to share.

AMY
Why'd you give me this story?

CHARLES
Who else would have taken it? Either they're going to think it's bull-shit, or they're going to be too afraid of it. But Amy Klein... Tell me it's real Amy.

AMY
It's real -- or I'm crazy.

CHARLES
Well, either way, it's a good story.

AMY
I've got leads. I'll know in the end.

CHARLES
You know, Amy dearest, for the average person, hunger for knowledge is like hunger... for food. We want to know just enough to take the edge off our appetite. Then we're satisfied, and we stop. But you... you're like a glutton. You can't help over-eating.

AMY
I don't see you complaining.

CHARLES
But you see, that's the point. That's why I need you. Because all that stuff I don't eat... I still want. So I send you in to do the eating for me, and so I get to experience it, without actually suffering any mental indigestion.

AMY
That's for me...

CHARLES
Nobody's forcing anything down your throat. Correct?

AMY

No.

CHARLES

You see, Amy, you never grew up with all this Catholic god and guilt stuff. It doesn't mean anything to you. I worry about god and heaven and hell. Not during the day, you understand, but around three in the morning, it keeps me up. I want to know what's coming. What's up in heaven and down in hell, or even if there's nothing. It's useful, when you're making plans. So go find out and we'll tell the world.

AMY

You know, Charles, there's something vaguely demonic about you.

CHARLES

Did you know, the word "demon" comes from the Greek word for "knowledge." As in "demonstrate."

AMY

No, I didn't know that.

Charles shakes his head, disgusted.

CHARLES

American education.

They're in front of Amy's Hotel now. Charles flags down a CAB.

CHARLES

Then back to your room, lie down in your coffin until the hours of daylight have passed, as is your wont -- then go get me my story.

AMY

You don't have to worry.

CHARLES

I never do. I'm not here to save people and I'm not here to judge them. I just take 'em as they come. And use them as they pass by. I'll be at the Soffitel.

Charles hops in the cab and drives off as Amy walks up the steps to the Hotel lobby. Amy watches him go, waves, then spins back towards the curb. She flags down a cab and hops in.

EXT. POTEILARI AND MINVARA - DAY

A ragged, run-down place, looking bleak and ugly in the bright light of day. We see the street sign, identifying the place -- Poteilari and Minvara. A cab pulls up and Amy gets out.

She crosses the street, passes one side door -- and then comes to a building that's been sealed up -- doors and windows cemented shut with cinder-blocks.

Beyond a narrow railing is a stairway, pressed up sideways against the building, running down to a basement entrance. Amy looks down the stairway to its narrow bottom. The stairs and the bottom are littered with trash. A filthy mattress lies at the very bottom. Amy heads down.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs, there's a wooden door. A hole has been punched through it and a heavy padlocked chain has been threaded through it and through a heavy hasp that's been bolted to the door frame. Some official government notice of some kind has been tacked to the door -- long rendered unreadable by the effects of time.

Amy inspects the padlock. It's heavy and uncompromising. She tugs on the door and it opens to the limits of the chain -- but that's only a few inches. Amy peers into the darkness beyond, but can't see a thing.

She looks down at the mattress that she's standing on, steps to the side and shoves it up.

Then, as if the light breaks, she reaches out, grabs the hasp and pulls. The bolts holding the hasp to the wall are loose. They slide out with it. She tugs the whole thing free and pulls the door open.

There is a narrow corridor beyond, all in gloom. Amy enters.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Amy steps in, her way illuminated only by the indefinite light that leaks in from the street.

There's an archway, presumably leading into the rest of the basement, on one side, but it's blocked by a great heap of rubble.

Amy ponders the chances of getting through it, and decides to check out the rest of the hallway. She works her way through a series of ominous corridors.

Amy senses that she is not alone, stops, and turns around. No one. She continues.

There is only a single door left -- at the far end of the hallway. It hangs half-open, but we cannot see what's inside. She approaches it, reaches out and pushes the door open. It's a bathroom.

As she enters we see a FIGURE beyond her in the hallways, buried in the shadows.

INT. THE BATHROOM - DAY

This is one of those nasty little makeshift places built into an available corner -- basically a toilet and a sink so close that there's hardly room to move. A mop and some other supplies, long forgotten, are propped up in a corner.

Amy steps in, looks down the toilet. Nothing left but some nasty stains -- the water long dried up. Her face brushes against something hanging in the air. She pulls back. It's a pull string hanging from a naked light bulb.

She tugs on it. Nothing. No power here.

She stands in the dark, claustrophobic place, puzzled. She looks back down the hall. It seems as if she's come to another dead end. Then she stares at the bathroom door. Open now, it blocks a piece of the bathroom wall -- the only place she hasn't looked.

Amy steps back, virtually straddling the toilet, and pushes the door closed. As she does, of course, what little light there is, vanishes completely. If there's something behind the door, she can't see it, or anything else.

Abruptly, there's a sharp click as she lights her lighter, and the wavering light illuminates the tiny bathroom -- and the previously unseen space behind the door.

The walls do not meet there. There is a narrow gap, leading to a passage, apparently "between" the walls, perhaps ten inches wide.

Hesitating only a moment, Amy turns sideways and slides herself into the claustrophobic slot. She holds the lighter up ahead of her, but its dim flickering light does not reach to the end of the passage. She moves forward cautiously -- the floor is littered with dried chunks of plaster, rotting insulation -- seventy-five years of stuff crumbled from the insides of the walls.

As she disappears into the tunnel, the door slowly opens behind her. Passing across the rusty doorknob, a menacing blade appears.

Inside the tunnel, Amy reaches a vertical pipe up against one side of the wall - - only a few inches thick, but it reduces the available room to under eight inches. She hesitates. Meanwhile, the lighter in her hand is getting hot. She lets it click off. In some dim half-light we can see her slipping a handkerchief carefully around it, for insulation.

She flicks the flint. The lighter lights.

And, abruptly, around a million roaches , which had returned from their hiding places in the absence of the light, go skittering every which way.

Amy lets out a squeak as the roaches vanish in an instant.

AMY
Christ...

She looks at the pipe again, and then starts to squeeze past it. It's a tight fit. She has to squirm to get through.

AMY
Welcome to club anorexia...

She pops free and comes out the other side. She holds up the lighter. Still the light cannot reach to the end of the passage. Steeling herself, she moves on. But as she does, the space seems to get progressively narrower and narrower.

From ten inches to nine, to eight, until both sides of her body are scraping against the walls. She holds the lighter out. The wall continues to narrow.

At the end of her outstretched arm, the walls are only around five inches apart.

AMY
What the...

Clearly, she's reached the end of the line. Annoyed, she starts to back out -- then realizes that the light on the far side of her body renders the area into which she's now moving essentially black as midnight.

She brings the hand holding the lighter close in to her body, but she can't bring her hands together in front of her -- the space is too narrow. Finally, she reaches her hand up, over her head, passing the lighter from one hand to the other directly over her head.

As she does, the lighter almost slips. She grabs for it, but it goes out. Again she is lost in virtual darkness.

She strikes the flint. It flickers but doesn't light. As she strikes it again, IT LIGHTS SOMETHING IN THERE WITH HER! Amy doesn't see it, we do...

AND IT HAS A KNIFE IN ITS HANDS.

The light returns -- now illuminating the other side of her body -- the way from which she's come. But, because the space is so narrow, she can't turn her head towards the entrance. Once again, the roaches go skittering away.

And Amy starts heading "back" from where she entered. Her head facing away from her progress backward, trying to squeeze through.

She holds up the lighter, it lights the area "ahead" which she cannot see. The flickering fire exposes the figure awaiting her.

The walls on this side now also seem to narrow. The space revealed by the light is barely as wide as her fist, and there is only darkness beyond. Darkness, and the figure with the knife. Amy senses something is wrong.

AMY

What the ...

She continues, but now she can barely move a few feet before the wall becomes too narrow to pass. She pushes, trying to shove through the narrow gap. But she cannot move. The walls have literally closed in, until she is now squeezed between them. Panic sets in.

Gasping, Amy pushes against the wall she's facing. Trying desperately to turn her head around. She forces with all her might to turn her head, her facial features stretching almost comically. She finally gets it around.

She is face to face with the knife as it comes RIPPING THROUGH FRAME, narrowly missing her arm.

Amy screams and drops the lighter. Now in darkness, she scurries frantically away -- back deeper into the space.

Amy starts struggling, panic growing on her, trying to climb, to crouch, to tug free in some direction, but her movement is very limited. The walls seem to close in on her.

She is struggling to breathe against the pressing walls. The figure keeps advancing towards her.

AMY

Stop! Please stop! Stop this!

She's flailing her arms now, frantic. The knife-wielding figure struggles, having difficulty as well. One of Amy's hands flies back and hits the wall behind her.

Now she really panics, her hands desperately scraping along the wall looking for anyway out. There isn't any.

She looks back toward her attacker, who's now right on top of her and raising the knife for one final blow.

Amy braces for the blade's impact as she pushes against the wall when suddenly she-

Falls backward onto the floor. Her heart pounding. Her breathing heavy.

She checks her arms for wounds. There aren't any.

She looks up. The Figure is gone.

She stands, confused, and finds herself in an empty room. Some discarded junk, a pile of loose plaster. She leaps forward, and nearly trips on a piece of rubble to get the hell away from the entry. **Odd thing is...here is no entry.**

*

She whips herself around towards the sound of someone sharply exhaling.

She looks this way and that, but can't see the source of the sound. The attacker?

A pale light is visible, coming from around a far corner.

Someone steps into the light. A young BLACK KID. He holds a finger up to his lips.

BLACK KID
Shhhh... follow me.

He signals her to follow him. Amy moves cautiously forward.

AN ADJOINING ROOM

The walls have been partially torn down. The light comes from an adjoining room. Amy approaches cautiously, remaining in the shadows, and leans forward, staring through a gap in the wall into the room beyond.

The various participants, some of whom we recognize from the videotape movie, are standing crowded around something on the floor. Amy can't see just what it is that they're staring at, at first, but she does see that one of the ones gathered there is Katya, complete with the hole in her head. She nervously puts a finger into the hole and inspects the blood.

The sound of the exhalations is coming from the unseen place.

Then somebody in the circle moves, to get a better vantage point, and now Amy can see, clearly, what is going on.

Winter is lying on top of the corpse of a YOUNG MAN, breathing into his mouth as he did with Katya. An almost sexual encounter yields the same results as the tape.

He takes a final deep breath. And then, as before, the Young Man gasps. Winter pulls away. As he does, we can see the Young Man's face, smiling, despite the knife that is lodged into his chest. Winters grabs the knife and yanks it out.

The others come forward, helping him up.

Winter stands and somebody slips a robe over his body. He promptly looks straight at Amy, still hidden in the shadows.

WINTER
I have a room of my own. Kindly join me.

He throws the knife at the wall, where it embeds itself in way further then it should have, and walks away. Amy moves away from the opening. She circles around, through a doorway, and into the space that she was previously watching.

She moves forward hesitantly, trying to avoid the touch of the various occupants, who don't behave aggressively, but clearly press forward, into her personal space.

She looks this way and that, trying to find where Winter has gone.

A hand comes down on her shoulder. She turns suddenly. It's the Black Kid. He gestures.

BLACK KID
Winter's through there.

He points toward a doorway, lost in shadow. Amy notices on his pointing hand that his wrists have been deeply slashed. She looks down to the other hand, which the kid politely offers for her to examine.

Amy backs away through the crowd. Following her is the recently revived Young Man, who's still completely naked.

He smiles at Amy. She moves away, and through the door to Winter's room.

INT. WINTER'S ROOM - DAY

This is a small, dark space, light coming mostly from a rather conventional-looking standing lamp. In the shadows beyond the little space of light is a confusion of half-open doors, walls and shadows, half lit rooms with un-guessable occupants.

Winter is there, sitting in a padded chair in front of a coffee table, reading a book. Amy steps inside. Winter doesn't react to her presence. Abruptly, the door closes behind her. She hesitates and walks forward.

WINTER
Amy Klein.

AMY
You know me.

WINTER
I chose you.

Amy pauses, unsure, then moves forward and takes a seat opposite him.

AMY
That was a hell of a way in. Makes me think that you don't want...

WINTER
People come in here the way they want. If it was difficult, then that was the way you wanted it. A little danger. A little mystery. That's what you expected. That's what you found.

Winters puts the book down. His attention is now on Amy.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Were you afraid, Amy? Just now? And during your little "rite of passage" through the walls?

AMY
Yes. Was it real?

Winter smiles, he displays amusement to Amy's suspicions.

WINTER
And were you afraid when you saw Marla Chen? Of what you found in the bathroom?

AMY
Yes.

WINTER
You took something from her?

Winter studies Amy.

WINTER (CONT'D)
Do you have it with you?

Amy opens her bag and produces the Puzzle Box. She lays on the table between them.

AMY
What is it?

WINTER
My great grandfather created that box. He left it as a...gift. A way to cheat death, an entrance to everlasting pleasures, and it belongs to me. Though there are others who would disagree.

AMY
Marla warned me about it, about you.

WINTER
Really? Should I be honored or afraid that you are here, Amy Klein. Do you really think you can just go along with us for a little ride and then get off when it suits you? Like your new friends on the train? You're not going to find it so easy to get off this train.

AMY

So I shouldn't get on?

WINTER

Your already on it. Don't dance with me, Amy Klein. Don't think for a second that you aren't in danger. You are in more danger than ever imagined possible.

AMY

What the hell does that mean?

Winter leans into Amy's space.

WINTER

Listen to me. There are things that are true in the light of day. There are other things that are no less true, that live in the shadows. When you shine a light on them, they disappear. They stop being true. That's because it is the uncertainty of the dark that makes them possible. If the dark is deep enough... anything might be happening in it. Anything at all. I'm one of those things.

AMY

What happened to Marla Chen? What did you do to her?

He stands and walks away from Amy.

WINTER

Marla? Why, I accepted her, that's all. That's all I've ever done for the people who come to me.

AMY

She didn't want to become one of you, whatever the hell you are. That's why she killed herself.

WINTER

Oh, but she did. And what makes you so sure she's dead?

Winters studies Amy face.

WINTER (CONT'D)

We all die, over and over and over again. Marla can't commit suicide. All she can do is stop believing that she's alive. And she can't even do that.

(MORE)

WINTER(cont'd)

The more she doubts, the deader she becomes. But she'll never really die, because she's not really alive.

AMY

That doesn't mean anything. What I saw in that room was real. What I smelled was real. Real like this table.

She raps on the table with her middle finger, palm up. She then lifts her hand up keeping her middle finger towards Winter.

AMY

Real like, like this hand...

In a flash, almost supernaturally, Winter passes seemingly through the chair and is front of Amy, her hand held tightly by his. He reaches up with his other hand and uncurls Amy's fingers.

WINTER

You say this is real?

He begins to move his fingers over her hand, enumerating the various parts.

WINTER

Epidermis. The dorsal fascia. Transverse carpal ligament across here...

The process is taking on an oddly seductive quality.

WINTER

The median nerve underneath it. Down here, the carpal bones... And do you think that all those parts are what makes a hand? I'll show you what makes a hand... here...

He begins to move his fingers through the spaces in between her fingers. Amy is frozen still.

FLASHBACK:

INT. ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON A DOOR being unlocked. We recognize it from the opening montage. Slowly, it is pulled open to reveal:

A LITTLE GIRL standing there - frightened.

INT. WINTER'S ROOM - DAY

BACK TO SCENE.

WINTER (CONT'D)

These spaces. That what makes a hand. You get it by taking things away. You, Amy Klein, are the infinitesimal speck that's left when we subtract the infinite possibilities that the space you occupy might have held.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The LITTLE GIRL kicking and screaming. She is pulled out of the closet. We never get a clear view of THE MAN, but we know he is pure evil.

INT. WINTER'S ROOM - DAY

BACK TO SCENE.

Close on Amy's hand, trembling in Winter's grip.

WINTER (CONT'D)

(referring to her hand)

This thing here isn't a presence. It's an absence. It's a place where things are missing. In all essential qualities, it is less than nothing. In all essential qualities, we are less than nothing. Not solid, not here, not real.

Amy finds herself responding, falling under his spell.

Flashback:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The LITTLE GIRL is picked up under THE MAN'S arm, and pulled away. His groping hands move seductively, and violently. She is carried away out of sight, kicking and screaming.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DEADER'S DUNGEON - DAY

Amy awakens from the trance. She is lying down surrounded by the Deaders. Winters stands above her.

WINTER
What did you see?

AMY
Nothing.

WINTER
What are you afraid of, Amy?

AMY
I'm not afraid of you.

WINTER
Yes you are, but still you can't run --
you won't run.
(studies her)
I wonder why that is?
(beat)
I'm no devil. I'm no monster. Amy, I'll
never hurt you and I'll never leave you.

Amy doesn't answer. Winter extends to her a knife.

WINTER (cont'd)
Accept my gift. No more fear. No more
questions. No one can ever hurt you
again.

For a moment she appears to consider his offering. Then, as if waking up... she shoves herself back away from Winter.

AMY
No, get... get away...

But now the Dead are there, surrounding her, reaching out for her. They begin to chant.

Winter takes the PUZZLE BOX and places on a makeshift altar at the head of the mattress.

DEADERS
(reciting)
My skin isn't real. My eyes aren't real.
My muscles aren't real. My bones, my
heart, my veins and nerves, and flesh and
meat... aren't real-

WINTER

Lie down Amy. It'll only hurt for a second. I promise.

AMY

You're crazy.

DEADERS

- What I see, what I hear, what I taste, what I touch, what I remember, what I think, what I feel, aren't real.

WINTER

No more pain. Only pleasure.

The Deaders start to grab onto her. She starts to panic a little.

AMY (cont'd)

No!

She fights her way from the group and...

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amy SMASHES THROUGH a vertical plane of safety glass, smashing it into a thousand tiny fragments as she goes crashing back, through it...

Her head hits hard against a tile wall and she goes sliding down, in the dark, her hand scrambling for something to hold onto.

Her reaching hand grabs some metal handle. She pulls... and abruptly, water begins to cascade down onto her face.

She turns herself sideways and rolls over, gasping. She's in a bathtub... in fact she's just been thrown through the safety-glass door. She scrambles over the bottom edge of the sliding glass door, scraping herself across the tiny pegs of glass that still line the border of the frame.

She pulls herself up, her hand feeling for a light switch... Finally, she finds it, flips the switch.

She's in the hotel bathroom, slumped over against the sink. Soaking wet, scratched, shaking, gasping, she stares at herself in the mirror.

There's a tiny square of glass stuck into her shoulder. She tugs it loose. It clinks as she drops it into the sink.

AMY
It's not real... it's not real...

She lifts her hand to wipe the wet hair from her face... then pauses. She turns toward the bathtub. She reaches through the shattered door and turns off the shower.

INT. AMY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

THE PHONE RINGS. She snatches it out of its cradle.

AMY
Hello.

CHARLES
(through phone)
Amy it's Charles, I know it's not too late.

AMY
You just can't go too long without hearing my voice.

CHARLES
Guilty. Look, Amy, I've been thinking about the story about what happened, maybe this isn't for you.

Amy grabs the PUZZLE BOX off the table. She spins it in her hands.

AMY
Charles, you know I value your opinion-

CHARLES
- she said with condescension-

AMY
- but if there was ever a story I was born to write, this is it.

CHARLES
I think it's too dangerous, for a lot of reasons.

AMY
This isn't like you.

CHARLES

I know. I'm going to hate myself in the morning.

AMY

I'm just a little... fucked in the head. That's all. It's just a funk, but I'm fine. All I need is some sleep.

CHARLES

OK. I just thought I'd put it out there to see if you'd bite. I should've known better. It goes against my instincts.

AMY

That's what I love about you. I'll call you tomorrow.
(beat)

Hey, Charles, did you know that the word "demon" comes from the Greek word for knowledge.

CHARLES

Yes I believe I've heard that somewhere before.

AMY

Well, I wish somebody had told me about it.

She hangs up, and shuts off a light on her way to bed.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON the LITTLE GIRL slung under THE MAN'S arm, as he carried her down the hall. She's scraping at the walls, the door jams, anything to try to free herself from him.

Her hand sweeps across a small table at the end of the hall, smashing over a GLASS VASE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The room is dark, drained of all color the way things appear when we see in them in almost total darkness.

Amy's lying in bed on her stomach. The sheet has crumpled off of her. She's dressed only in her panties.

Abruptly, there's the sound of a wettish "thud" and Amy seems to bounce a little. Her eyes open, but she isn't alarmed. Still lying on her back, she flicks her eyes this way and that, but, seeing nothing, she closes them again.

A few seconds later, we see some black liquid trickle across her shoulder, coming from the unseen center of her back . It follows a course down her backbone, then swerves and finds a path along the inner edge of one of her shoulder blades, finally trickling down her neck. It continues to flow, staining the pillow by her face.

She stirs slightly, clearly feeling the trickle. She puts her hand to her shoulder, smearing the black liquid. Still half-asleep, she tries to "brush" it off... but it continues to flow. Finally, her eyes open. She sits up painfully and looks at her hands -- stained with this sticky black stuff. She stares at it, not quite awake enough to figure it out.

She reaches over her shoulder, pulls her hand back, stained with the black stuff. She looks down at her pillow, also stained. Confused, she rises, painfully awkward, and heads toward the bathroom. We can see that her feet leave blackish wet footprints across the floor as she moves toward the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

She moves in, stares in the mirror -- sees the side of her face and her shoulder, smeared with black. She fumbles for the light, flips it on.

In the sudden, shocking glare of returning light, COLOR abruptly re-enters the world... And the black of the liquid that's stained Amy's face and hands, that track the floor of the white-tiled bathroom, that smear the wall where she flipped on the light switch turns instantly to its true color --

The color of blood.

Amy gasps at the sight -- she looks like she's just crawled out of a slaughterhouse. She reaches behind her, feeling her back, trying to find the source of the blood that seems to be pouring out of her, dripping to the floor, pouring down the small of her back, staining the back of her panties a vivid, ghastly red.

In a sudden impulse she turns on the water in the sink full blast, washes away the blood from her hands, scooping handfuls onto her face and the front of her body. The water drips to the floor, commingling with the blood, turning it a nasty pink.

She reaches behind her back, feeling again -- her hand comes back as vividly red as before. Again she washes them. She stops dead, seeing something in the mirror.

Something is glinting between her breasts. She touches her finger to it. It looks like a tiny bit of gleaming metal, poking out from inside of her, almost like a tiny steel splinter. It appears to have just barely broken through the skin from "inside" -- barely a drop of blood.

She stands staring down at it, breathing fast. What the hell is it?

Then, slowly, almost against her will, she turns her back to the mirror and looks over her shoulder. She sees -- and we see for the first time -- the center of her back where her questing hands couldn't reach.

There is a knife there, literally thrust through the middle of her back. The gleaming splinter between her breasts is the tip of the knife that has literally transfixed her -- and clearly transfixed the center of her chest -- her heart.

She strains her hands back, trying to reach this impossible thing, but her grasping fingers can't touch it. She turns back toward the mirror, staring into her own eyes.

AMY

It's not real... it's not real.

She clenches her eyes... opens them. Her fingers feel desperately for the metal tip between her breasts. It's still there.

AMY

Wake up... wake up... wake up...

She starts slapping her hands against the side of her face -- not gently, hard slaps. But she isn't "waking up." She grabs her hair, pulls hard. Nothing. She's still there. The knife is still stuck, impossibly in her back.

She sits on the closed seat of the toilet... not knowing what to do. She reaches again for the knife, but she can't touch it. She buries her face in her bloody hands.

AMY
I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming...
(screams)
I'M DREAMING!

She stands, turns this way and that, not knowing what to do. She looks around her bathroom, searching for something. She tugs open the medicine cabinet, searches beneath the sink, tugging the various stuff out. Whatever it is that she's looking for, she can't find it.

She spins back to the mirror. Opens it. Slips back against it wedging the knife handle between the door and the medicine cabinet.

Holding one hand against the mirror, she starts to push away, wincing in pain.

We can see the tiny silver tip between her breasts vanish from view, drawn back inside her body . Slowly, making a wet, sticky sound, the long thin knife begins to slide out.

With a gasp she heaves out... and the knife goes flying. It bounces on the floor, splattering blood. With shaking hands, Amy bends over and picks it up. She stands, staring at it. It's some kind of nasty stiletto. Amy stands, staring at it.

A FLASHBACK

Amy searching Marla's drawers, tugging one open -- pressing the stud on a stiletto. ON THIS STILETTO.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

She looks down toward the floor. She is literally standing in a pool of her own blood. She gasps, turns back toward the mirror.

Blood is pouring from the wound. Gasping, almost crying, Amy stumbles back into the main room. With shaky hands, she picks up the phone, then realizes that she's still holding the stiletto in her hand. She drops it on the table. Her bloody fingers press in the numbers -- 9-9-9 (emergency).

She waits, standing in the middle of her dark hotel room, shaking, bloody. She can hear the phone ring and ring.

Finally, there's a click as the line picks up. But there's no voice on the other end.

AMY
Hello, hello? Hello? Is there anyb...

Then she stops dead. There is somebody there, and making a sound we've heard before. The nasty gurgling that Amy heard when she tried calling Marla's room.

MARLA
(through phone)
Only he can bring you back.

She slams the phone down, tears the cord from the wall. As she turns to fling it she hears the sound of a man speaking.

She turns at the sound.

PINHEAD is standing across the room from her, reading from one of the books on a tiny bookshelf in the corner.

PINHEAD
(reading)
"--to all of us - there comes the closing
of the doors - the entrances - the exits -
so that one may pass no more out or
in..."

He closes the book, turns toward her.

PINHEAD
Walt Whitman. I like your taste in books.

AMY
Came with the room. Along with the
uncomfortable couch.

Amy puts the phone back on the table.

AMY
Who are you? Why did you do this to me?

PINHEAD
I didn't. Believe me, when I want to hurt
you, it will be more than a scratch.

AMY
Then why the hell are you here? Why are
you in my room?

PINHEAD
This isn't your room. It's mine...

AMY
What...

PINHEAD

This is my room, my building, my street... my world. You still can't believe that you're in the "real" world, can you? I mean... you've just had a knife run through you. Shouldn't it hurt?

AMY

It's a dream. I'm dreaming...

PINHEAD

No. Dreams come to an end. Nightmares are forever.

He approaches her. She backs away.

PINHEAD

You've been recruited as a soldier in another man's war. A war he will never win, that I can assure you.

AMY

I don't know what you're talking about.

PINHEAD

You will. Soon enough. But one shouldn't worship false Gods. Especially when that false God is themselves.

AMY

I'm not a believer.

*

PINHEAD

Oh you will. Tell me, do you believe in Hell?

*

Looks down at the blade jutting out from her chest.

AMY

Starting to.

PINHEAD

You opened a door. He pulled you in. But the only way out -- is through me.

*

He steps towards her.

She grabs up the phone, flings it. It hits the far wall and falls to the floor. Winter's gone. She reaches a hand behind her, to her back, brings it back, red with blood.

A MOMENT LATER

We see Amy rolling a towel up into a tight cylinder. Hands trembling, she lays it across a wide strip of duct tape that she's unwound from a roll and laid down on the table, sticky side up.

She presses the towel down so that it sticks, then picks up the tape, with towel attached. She slides the towel down the center of her back until it covers the wound, and then tugs the tape tight across her chest, compressing the towel against the wound.

She takes the tape and awkwardly loops it around the towel and herself a couple more times, finally biting through the tape and tossing the roll away. She yanks yesterday's clothes up, discards the skirt in favor of a pair of black jeans.

She tugs them up over her bloody legs, pulls a black shirt on over her top, thrusts her bloody feet into a pair of heavy shoes and finally tugs on a black leather jacket.

She goes to the mirror, turns, trying to see how her profile looks with the towel stuffed in her back.

She turns, about to leave... then realizes that her hands are red with her own blood. She hurries to the sink, rinses them off, and rinses the blood off of her face and neck, then grabs her bag and heads out the door.

EXT. AMY'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Amy comes unsteadily down out of her Hotel.

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

More shadows than light.

She comes around a corner and onto a narrow street, moving fast, her feet making loud echoey clip-clops on the street.

There's a bum, dressed in rags, leaning up against the wall of a building.

As she approaches him, he stirs slightly. Then she looks more closely.

The man is eating something very crunchy. He stares at her blankly as he picks crickets off the wall and devours them, one by one. He offers her one, and smiles.

Amy leaps back, turns and runs. Some distance down the street, there seems to be a flicker of light, a trace of noise.

She scrambles toward it. It's coming up from a subway grate. She throws herself down on it.

Down below she can hear the roar of a subway train passing below. Indirect, flickering light shines up from below.

She looks up. There's a subway entrance. She hurries toward it.

INT. TOKEN BOOTH - NIGHT

Amy comes down the stairs. No sign of life. The fluorescent lights flicker - some dead. Amy fumbles for her metro card. This is one of those unattended entrances with entry through the top-to-bottom turnstiles.

She starts through the turnstile. Then with a squeak, it sticks and she finds herself stuck half-way through, unable to move forward or backward. She tries to back out, but the thing won't turn in that direction. She heaves forward. It finally gives way. She looks this way and that, back through the turnstile, she sees her bloody footprints leading all the way through.

Amy hears footsteps echoing towards her. Through a large mirror at an intersection, she sees the source of the footsteps. A cop on the beat.

Amy looks down and sees she is standing in a pool of her own blood. The footsteps get louder.

She sees a stack of newspapers next to her on a stand. She grabs one and throws it down in front of herself to cover the blood. It soaks threw in no time. The Cop is nearing the corner. She grabs another, then another, and throws them down. The pool of her blood leaks from under them all. The cop rounds the corner, he has a baton he taps against his leg.

Amy grabs the whole stand and tips it over. With a loud SMASH, it spills the newspaper everywhere. As the cop walks in front of Amy, the blood is hidden beneath the pile of newspapers. Amy bends down to attend to the mess.

She makes eyes with the Cop and shrugs her shoulders at her "mistake". The Cop smiles and nods, and keeps on walking. The sound of his footsteps vanish down the corridors.

Amy collects herself with a few deep breaths, and moves on towards the platform.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Amy stands on the platform as a train whooshes into the station at HYPER-SPEED then stops instantly in front of her.

The doors hiss open and Amy is greeted by the tall Odd-looking Conductor. She pushes past him.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train lurches forward as Amy makes her way through the usual crowd of CELEBRANTS.

She finds Joey sitting court in the middle of the train car. He's wearing a pair of terminator sunglasses.

Amy approaches. His face seems sickly pale in the flashing light.

He moves abruptly, a slight turn of the head -- toward her.

JOEY
Well look who's back. What now?

AMY
I need... please... please help me.

JOEY
Help you with what?

Amy hesitates an instant, then tugs open her shirt, revealing the gaffer's tape that holds the rolled-up towel to her back. She works at it. Finally, it tears. She tears it straight down the front of her chest as Joey watches, passive.

Her chest is stained with blood. She licks her fingers and wipes the blood away from the middle of her chest. Joey's eyes narrow. He leans forward to study it. He leans in closer, hesitates, then leans back, looking Amy in the eye.

JOEY
Wow, are those real?

*

Amy doesn't react.

JOEY

Okay, you're not in the mood for my light-hearted banter. What the hell, this isn't my idea of paradise either.

AMY

I don't understand. Why aren't I dead? Or am I? Please...

JOEY

Life, death, they're not all that different, really. You can find your death in your life. You can find your life in your death. Round and round and round you go.

AMY

Please, help me.

JOEY

I am helping you.

AMY

Then explain what the hell is going on. Why did I have a knife buried in my back? Why am I seeing dead people walking around? Why is there a guy with Pins in his head stopping by in the middle of the night for a chat.

She gets in his face.

AMY

Why am I not DEAD!

There's a jolt as the train starts to pull into the station. The light from the station begins to illuminate the inside of the car more clearly. Joey leans back from her.

JOEY

Whoa. It's time to give in Amy, you're just fighting it too hard. Forget about the truth, forget about reality, just sit back and enjoy the ride. There's nothing you can do anyway. We're all just piece's in Winter's little puzzle.

AMY

The box.

JOEY

You're willing to do anything to find the truth.

(MORE)

JOEY(cont'd)

That's what I find most attractive about you. Well, that and the fact that you have a great ass. You and I are the same really, we're both willing to take it as far as it will go, to the edge, to the extreme.

(beat)

You know what our biggest problem is Amy Klein? Neither of us know when to get off the God damn train.

The train jerks to a stop, tossing Amy a little. She regains her footing and turns back to Joey but in the flickering fluorescent light, Joey's skin suddenly looks sickly pale.

AMY

Joey?

He doesn't answer. He doesn't move.

AMY

Joey come on. Let's get off the train. Right now, you and me.

He still doesn't move. Amy reaches out a shaky hand and takes his glasses off.

AMY

(voice trailing off)

You and me...

Joey's eyes are empty, glazed. He's dead. Not only is he dead, it's clear that he's been dead for awhile.

Then she freezes when she realizes the sound has completely dropped out around her.

All she can hear is her heart beating.

She slowly turns around to find that all of Joey's Celebrants on the train are also dead and surrounded by the familiar buzz of flies.

Some of the dead are hung from the hand rails by HOOKS AND CHAINS, their throats slashed, eyes gouged, bullet holes in the head, etc...

A large female cenobite is sewing the filleted skin from one Deaders throat open to reveal his vocal chords. He makes a sound at Amy and his chords vibrate.

*
*
*

But there's this one COKE HEAD GUY who was snorting a line when Amy got on the train.

He looks normal as he snorts up the last rail off his hand-held mirror.

She studies him for a moment when suddenly he turns to her and we get a good look at his FACE.

The entire left side of his face has rotted away and we can see the powdery coke lining his decaying left nostril.

COKE-HEAD GUY
Looks like the party's over.

Suddenly all she can hear is the LOUD ROAR OF THE TRAIN.

Amy stumbles back, turns to run into the next train car and smacks right into-

MARLA CHEN. A horribly decaying Marla Chen.

At first Amy is confused but then something clicks behind her eyes as she shoves Marla back down the train car.

AMY
(screams)
Why did you do this to me?

The train screeches into the station and the doors HISS OPEN.

MARLA
We have to go...

AMY
(louder)
Why?

MARLA
I didn't have any other choice.

Amy looks down at her shirt as BLOOD begins to soak through it.

AMY
What's happening to me?

MARLA
You're dying.
(beat)
Like me.

Marla grabs her hand and starts to pull her along.

MARLA
Please. We've got to go!

AMY
Where?

MARLA
That's for you to decide.

Amy looks around the platform, as if deciding what to do.
There's a little panic in Marla's voice.

MARLA
You see, that's the problem right there.
I'm supposed to help you. Like... Like
Winter helped me. But I don't know if I
can.

AMY
Then why are you here?

MARLA
To try... Because I have no other choice.
No turning back now-
(re:how she looks)
Know what I mean?

AMY
No, I don't. I don't know one God damn
thing anymore.
(beat)
I just want to go home.

Marla gives her a comforting smile.

MARLA
Then let's go home.

They jump down to an abandoned track and head into the
darkness.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

A strange twisting tunnel with eerie blue lights. Pipes
running along the ceiling, dripping water and hissing steam.

Amy and Marla march quickly towards camera.

AMY
Marla what... what happened to you?

MARLA

I put my head through a noose and I jumped ten feet down. They cut me down, and Winter breathed into me, and I was alive. And everybody was happy... and like, congratulating me...

Marla's eyes are wet with yellowish tears.

MARLA

And for a while, it was great. But it's like being a tightrope walker... you're walking along on this rope, and then all of a sudden, it's like you realize -- I'm walking on a rope a hundred feet up in the air. And that's when you fall.

(struggles to control herself)

I tried to end it. That's when you found me.

*
*

AMY

Why are you doing this? Why am I here?

*
*

MARLA

For the reward from it all.

*
*

The tunnel starts to take some weird twists and turns.

They stop and Marla turns amy in her direction. The place starts to tremble, a train is approaching from far off.

MARLA

But it isn't enough for somebody else to stick a knife into you. You have to come to the point where you can do it to yourself -- that's the acceptance. The final preparation before you give your soul to it. Willingly.

AMY

But why? What it is all for?

MARLA

That's the missing link. That part he keeps to himself. But he promises an eternal paradise filled with the ultimate pleasures. We just can't be afraid. And we can't have any doubts.

(introspective)

Guess I screwed up on that part.

The tunnel is narrowing, the train is right around the bend.
Amy turns to the sound of the rumbling train.

MARLA
Fear is where you go to learn.

Amy spins back to her. "Huh?"

MARLA
Sorry. I told you there's no turning back
Amy. Only he can bring you back.

Amy's attention is on the train, it roars in at full
throttle.

WINTER
AMY!

Amy turns around just as the train is about to run through
them to find WINTER, arms open for her.

WINTER
(screaming over the train)
All roads lead home.

INT. A BED - DAY

Amy's eyes abruptly pop open.

She's lying on a white pillow, with white sheets tucked up
over her. She turns her eyes to one side. There's a hospital
curtain, the kind on a railing, pulled closed around her. She
looks down.

She's lying in a hospital bed. She tries to move, but she
realizes her hands and legs are tied to the bed by large
leather straps. Charles is there, in a chair, watching her.

CHARLES
Good morning.

He takes a sip of coffee. She struggles with the straps.

CHARLES
Amy don't fight it, it's only going to
make things worse.

Her eyes dart around the room in a panic.

AMY
What the hell happened?

CHARLES

I didn't hear from you. I went over to your hotel. You were lying on the floor... covered in every kind of stuff that can come out of a human body...

She remembers.

AMY

The blood...

Amy looks down at her gown, expecting a large red stain, but there's no blood.

CHARLES

Okay. Every other kind.

AMY

I don't... I mean I didn't...

CHARLES

You were sort of... having a psychotic episode, sweets. Major mental blow-out. And frankly, it's about time. Jesus you were tied down for a day and half.

(off her look)

Listen, I'm trying to get you out of here, back to London, but with the damage to your hotel room... They're not going to be so quick to let you go.

Amy takes a look around the psych ward. PATIENTS walking aimlessly, mumbling to themselves, arguing with unseen opponents, rocking back and forth in catatonic states.

CHARLES

Look, Amy, you probably won't have to stay...

Amy feels a sudden rush of relief. A little nervous laughter.

AMY

Hey, Charles, Charles... this is the best news I've had in a long time.

CHARLES

Well, there you go. A whole new definition of optimism.

AMY

What about Marla Chen? The story?

CHARLES

They found her dead in her room. She hung herself.

AMY

They found her. You mean the police?

CHARLES

Yeah. She'd been there awhile. Probably did it right after she sent us the tape.

AMY

Where is she?

CHARLES

Jesus, I don't know. Does it matter?

AMY

No, I guess not.

CHARLES

But this is a good story too. Call it, "My Psychotic Episode" -- or, wait, maybe "Psychotic - Episode One." Or "Psychotic Pilot Episode." You know, some play on words with episode.

(looks around)

Look, there's a lot of raw material around here. Emphasis on the word "raw." Maybe they'll let you use a felt-tip pen or something to take notes.

Somebody pulls the curtain aside. It's an ORDERLY. His name tag identifies him as M. KIRCHER. This guy's a little out there, like maybe he's been dipping into the medicine cabinet a little too much. His eyes nervously scan the room, like somebody's watching him.

KIRCHER

Well look who's back. How we feelin?

She motions to the straps.

AMY

Trapped.

KIRCHER

Sorry. They're for your own protection. The way you were flailing around when they brought you in -- somebody was bound to get hurt.

(he chuckles to himself)

Get it. BOUND to get hurt.

Amy doesn't laugh. Doesn't even crack a smile.

AMY
Don't quit your day job.

CHARLES
(to Kircher)
What's say we lose the charm bracelets
for now?
(turns to Amy)
Unless of course you somehow find all of
this -- stimulating.

AMY
Don't drag me into your fantasies
Charles.
(to Kircher)
Please.

Kircher obliges and scribbles something on a folder at the
end of the bed. Charles leans over, gives her a little peck
on the cheek. As he does, he whispers to her.

CHARLES
(whispering)
I'll see about getting a camera in
here...

He stands, winks at her.

CHARLES
Feel better.
(beat)
When you get a chance, check out the
public area. It's a swinging place. I
mean, like, they're literally...
swinging.

He heads out. Amy watches him go. She waits a beat, and then
hops out of bed. She looks around for Nurses and Orderlies
but there's no one around. She exits frame.

INT. PSYCH WARD/COMMON AREA - DAY

Blank walls lit with flickering fluorescent lighting. There's
a TV hanging from ceiling in the corner showing TIME-LAPSE
PHOTOGRAPHY of a blooming rose (a little homage to the
original Hellraiser.)

We move to find a various assortment of PATIENTS, but none of
them are watching the TV, they're too busy entertaining
themselves and their invisible friends.

Amy enters cautiously, feeling a little threatened by the other patients. She looks around, not sure where she should plant herself and then she sees her-

A LITTLE GIRL (age 6) sitting off by herself in the corner of the room drawing pictures. A few of them (a half human/half monster clawing at a closet door, a child screaming, a child running from the monster, a child holding a butcher knife, etc.) are taped on the wall behind her.

Amy walks over to her. There's just something about her.

AMY
Mind if I join you?

LITTLE GIRL
Please. I'm drawing pictures.

AMY
I can see that, they're lovely.

LITTLE GIRL
Want me to draw your picture?

AMY
I'd like that very much.

The Little Girl stares at Amy and focuses in on her features. We can't see what she's drawing as her little hand starts to move across the sketch pad.

But there's something a little off. Her hand doesn't move like a six-year-old would draw, it moves with the confidence and control of an adult's.

Amy tries to get a glance at the portrait. The Little Girl pulls it close to her.

LITTLE GIRL
No peaking.

AMY
I'm sorry, you're right.

With a few more strokes the drawing is complete. The Little girl studies it, pleased with herself.

She spins it so Amy -- but not the audience -- can see it.

CLOSE ON AMY -- her eyes wide with terror.

LITTLE GIRL
What do you think?

AMY'S POV as we get our first good look at it.

It's Amy's face as a CENOBITE, twisted and stretched in a way that begins to reveal the skull around her DARK EMPTY EYES.

There's also that nasty knife wound in the center of her chest with hooks stretching the skin back and to the side.

LITTLE GIRL (O.C.)
I only draw what I see... Amy.

Amy backs away from her, trembling.

AMY
How do you know my name?

The Little Girl giggles. Amy turns to the other drawings that the Little Girl has taped to the walls.

They too now all look like Cenobites, some look like Deaders, one looks just like WINTER...

AMY
No... this isn't happening.

Amy gets up to run but then she freezes when she sees-

MARLA sitting on the opposite side of the room. But here's the thing. She looks fine.

Amy walks over, hesitant, confused.

AMY
Marla?

Marla doesn't seem to recognize her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Marla! You're alive.

MARLA
You say that like it's a good thing.

Marla takes a long quiet look around the room and then leans in close, unable to keep up her charade.

MARLA
(whispers)
You know he's watching us.

AMY
Who?

MARLA

Winter. This is where he sends all the trouble makers. Tries to show us who's boss. Tries to make us believe.

AMY

So it is real?

MARLA

As real as you want it to be. We all have our own version of the truth, some are just more screwed up than others. But you wouldn't know that, because you still don't know the truth.

AMY

I don't understand.

MARLA

You will. You see that's the point. All this, "Deaders", "Cenobites", whatever you want to call it, it's all about solving the puzzle. Part of that puzzle is you. Finding the secrets that are hidden within you.

Marla pokes a finger at Amy's heart. Right on her wound.

MARLA

- in there. And as soon as you find that, as soon as you face it, you'll be free. Once and for all.

She pulls back into her chair.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Me -- I'm still looking.

AMY

But what is it all for?

MARLA

Ultimate pleasure -- more than anyone, even those who have solved the puzzle before us, have ever known. **Conditions of the nerve endings the likes of which your imagination could not hope to evoke.**

Marla stares at Amy deeply. The breaks into a smile.

MARLA

...at Least that's what they say.

*
*
*
*
*

Marla looks around the room to see if anyone is watching her
and then she takes Amy's hand and leans in close.

*
*

MARLA

Problem is Winter can't solve the puzzle.
Only a few chosen ones -- with just the
right amount of depravity and loneliness
in their soul -- can.

(beat)

So he's been on this quest for years,
searching for that mythical person who is
both willing to join us and can also
solve the puzzle. And it would seem, Amy
Klein, that that person is-

AMY

Me.

MARLA

Bingo baby. Sorry.

She's trying to give Amy a clue without tipping off anyone
who might be watching her.

MARLA

He has to be there for you Amy. And he
will be. Like he was for all of us.
That's the key. Without him, you can't
come back. It's you he wants. It's you he
needs. Remember that above all.

Marla looks down at Amy's chest. Amy follows her stare to
find blood starting to soak through her hospital gown. Amy's
eyes begin to glaze over.

MARLA

Looks like you're running out of time.

Amy leaps up from the table and suddenly Marla is gone. In
fact the whole room is empty and dead quiet. A pool of blood
lies beneath her seat. She staggers a bit as she moves
forward.

*
*
*

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The main corridor. It seems to go on forever.

Amy turns back to the common area. Empty.

The she hears the familiar sound of A LITTLE GIRL SCREAMING.
It's faint and echoing.

Amy turns back down the corridor to the Little Girl's voice.

MARLA (V.O.)
It's all about finding the truth...

Amy starts to slowly make her way down the long cold corridor.

With each step she takes, the walls of the corridor become whiter, slowly bleaching out. She looks below her and sees the blood now draining from the wound.

She stumbles back slowly and turns as the LITTLE GIRL'S SCREAMS continue.

Then she hears the BANGING and RATTLING of a door. Like someone's fighting to get out.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

AMY'S FATHER half walking, half stumbling out of one of the rooms at the far end of the corridor. He's dressed in a stained white tank top shirt, his eyes glazed and distant.

He's knows the source of the noise -- and he's pissed.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Back to scene.

Amy keeps stumbling down the corridor.

FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Now Amy is within the flashback. She looks good, no blood, almost peaceful. Her father looks down the corridor toward Amy, but doesn't seem to see her. He turns and storms off in the opposite direction.

Amy can't believe what she's seeing, but she can't help herself. She follows him.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Back to scene.

Amy is stumbling more than walking as she grows weaker with every step. Her eyes begin to glaze over and her vision is beginning to blur.

She looks down to find the trail of BRIGHT RED BLOOD trailing behind her on the otherwise PURE-WHITE floor.

When she looks back up she finds herself in-

FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The hallway from Amy's childhood home. Her Father is now only a few steps in front of Amy as he reaches the door to his office.

He turns into it and we follow Amy as she steps into the office behind him to find-

INT. FATHER'S OFFICE - DAY

The CLOSET DOOR rattling at the far side of the room. The Little Girl (who we now realize is a YOUNG AMY) is screaming on the other side. We now know this door. Her Father marches toward it, his rage building.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Back to scene.

Amy screams out to him.

AMY
Leave her alone!

*
*

INT. FATHER'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

His hand tightens around the knob.

He opens the door, raising his free hand, ready to strike a powerful blow.

YOUNG AMY stands there quietly, with the sweetest smile on her face.

Then HE SEES THE KNIFE. The BUTCHER KNIFE in YOUNG AMY'S HAND.

*
*

But it's over in a blink as she quickly buries it deep in his chest.

He stumbles back from the closet in slow-motion as-

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS

Amy screams. She reacts to the violence.

Her vision is blurring and fading fast as her life rushes out of her.

She turns back to her Father and everything is in slow-motion as we-

INTERCUT:

Her Father stumbling back.

Amy losing consciousness.

Her Father falling backwards. The knife buried up to the handle in his chest.

Amy hitting her knees and wobbling there for a beat, trying to hold on.

Her Father's head falling backward.

Amy's head falling backward onto the floor.

Young Amy stands there and stares without emotion

WE HOLD TIGHT ON AMY'S FACE FROM ABOVE as her eyes flutter closed.

And then- Young Amy all alone in the world. Stands there over the body. We see for the first time a smile from the young girl.

INT. WINTER'S ROOM - DAY

AMY'S EYES SNAP OPEN as we quickly BOOM UP to find her lying on a mattress in the middle of the floor surrounded by-

THE DEADERS. She's in the middle of the ritual. The Deaders are all chanting. Marla and Joey are there.

DEADERS (O.C.)

My skin isn't real. My eyes aren't real.

My muscles aren't real.

(MORE)

DEADERS(cont'd)

My bones, my heart, my veins and nerves,
and flesh and meat... aren't real. What I
see, what I hear, what I taste, what I
touch, what I remember, what I think,
what I feel, aren't real.

With a glance she can see that the PUZZLE BOX, in its solved configuration, sits on a make-shift altar at the head of the mattress.

WINTER is towering over her at her feet. He holds out a knife -- THE FAMILIAR STILETTO -- for her to take.

WINTER

You've gone through this before Amy. Go through it again -- with me.

Amy has a sudden look of resignation, mixed with a little relief. She reaches out and slowly takes the knife from Winter.

WINTER

That's it. I knew you were the one. The second I saw you, I knew you were the one.

The chanting continues.

DEADERS

My skin isn't real. My eyes aren't real.
My muscles aren't real. My bones, my
heart, my veins and nerves, and flesh and
meat... aren't real. What I see, what I
hear, what I taste, what I touch, what I
remember, what I think, what I feel,
isn't real.

Amy looks at Marla. She looks deader then ever. She chants with the others. Winter holds the knife closer for Amy.

Amy looks at the PUZZLE BOX. RAYS OF LIGHT start to stretch out like hands and swirl from the PUZZLE BOX.

THE ROOM STARTS TO RUMBLE.

A BLACK VOID starts to take shape and swirl behind them. Winter is pleased.

WINTER

It's working. I knew it.

He kneels down next to Amy.

WINTER

Say it with us Amy. You have to say it
with us.

Amy's hands start to tremble.

AMY

I can't.

WINTER

Yes you can Amy. You're one of us now,
all you have to do is take this final
step and let the pain go. And welcome a
world of ultimate pleasures.
AN ARM, bluish white, stretches out from
the VOID trying to grab Joey who ducks
it's grasp.

The Deaders break the circle around Amy as more ARMS reach
out from the void. The VOICES OF TORTURED SOULS, twisted and
warped, scream out for help in the wind that BURSTS out of
the void.

HOOKS AND CHAINS reach out and grab the outstretched arms,
dragging them back into the VOID. Back into Hell.

The Deaders turn to Winter -- they're all a little freaked
out. From the look on their faces it's clear that this isn't
at all what they expected.

JOEY

Where are the naked chicks? The oil? The
orgies?

It's not what Winter expected either.

WINTER

(calm)
Finish it Amy.

AMY

I can't.

WINTER

(screams)
Finish it!

Amy steels herself with sudden resolve.

AMY

I don't think so.

And with that Amy SLAMS THE KNIFE Into the makeshift altar next to her.

And that's when-

PINHEAD steps through the void and into this world. A few CENOBITES follow.

All the Deaders step back - this is weird... even for them.

Amy leaps up and stumbles back as Pinhead slowly approaches Winter, carefully studying him as he does, until he's right in Winter's face.

PINHEAD

I see that evil does run in the family.

Winter is plays it tough. But it's all an act.

PINHEAD

Your lineage is of a craftsman. You should have stayed in the family business. I sacrificed my mortal self for that box.

WINTER

It's mine now. It belongs to me.

PINHEAD

That's where you're painfully wrong. We belong to it.

WINTER

It created you, and it can destroy you.
(to Amy)
Amy, finish it!

PINHEAD

When it is done with me -- perhaps -- but I'm afraid one's own personal hell is eternal, as you will soon see.

Pinhead takes in the Puzzle Box on the makeshift altar, the Deaders, Amy.

PINHEAD

The box is not just the map of the road -- it is the road itself.

WINTER

The ultimate experience.

PINHEAD

Experience is a funny thing boy, it likes to test us first and teach us later. Are you sure you can pass the test? Are you sure you want to?

WINTER

You can't hurt me.

Pinhead smiles.

PINHEAD

It's not the first time I've heard that.

AND THEN IT'S HOOKS AND CHAINS TIME.

They reach out from the void all around Winter and stab into him. He screams out in complete agony as they tear at him and stretch his limbs to the point of ripping them off.

AND THEN THEY STOP.

PINHEAD

And it won't be the last.

Winter's screams subside as a rush of pain surges through him, numbing him.

He's just able to turn his head to Pinhead and crack the slightest "fuck you" smile.

Winter tries to talk, but the skin around his mouth is stretched too tight.

*

PINHEAD

When you attempted to challenge evil you entered into my domain. There is no way in but through me.

Pinhead gets in close to Winter's face.

PINHEAD

Careful what you wish for.

Now we can see the terror in Winter's eyes.

PINHEAD

It just might come true.

Winter screams as he is finally torn apart by the chains.
Pinhead turns his attention to the DEADERS.

*

*

PINHEAD

This world, it obviously disappoints you
all. Perhaps that's why you choose to
begin this journey. And as long as you so
willingly accepted, allow me to finish
off what he started.

*
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*
*

And out of the darkness an oversized MENACING CHAIN comes
FLYING OUT, HARPOONING straight through the **midsections** of
all the deaders lined on the right side of Amy. **Piercing**
them at all different levels.

*
*
*

Then another chain HARPOONS the Deaders on the left side. The
Deaders look like fish on a stringer. They dangle there,
suspended by the chains.

PINHEAD

(to Amy)

And as for you. You opened the box, you
brought us all together. You chose
wisely. I'm pleased.

*
*

AMY

I didn't want any of this. They used me
to open the box. I didn't choose to do
anything.

*
*
*
*

Amy looks to Marla, she's got the fear of god in her. Pinhead
sees Amy looking for help.

PINHEAD

She's one of us now Amy. Now a guide to
the far reaches of pleasure. To a world
where suffering is taken to higher level.

AMY

Please.

PINHEAD

You opened the box.

AMY

I didn't mean to. I only wanted the
truth.

PINHEAD

And now you have it. But knowledge comes
with a price -- and it's time to pay.

AMY

What about them?

We see the CENOBITES now with snake-like tongues working their way up the line of Deaders towards Amy. They're preparing each one as they pass. Poking them with large pins, piercing them, stitching them, filleting them, etc...

PINHEAD

They belong to me now. They offered themselves willingly through him to me -- And now it's time for you to do the same.

Amy grabs the knife from the floor and points it at Pinhead.

PINHEAD

It won't be that easy this time. But **yes**, your Father is with us too. And he's waiting for you.

*

These words pierce through Amy. She looks at Marla, now barely hanging on to any signs of liveliness. Her head lifts up to Amy.

MARLA

You're here to stop this Amy. He needs your soul willingly. Don't let him take you. Don't go willingly.

Marla looks at the knife. Amy gets it, she only has one way out. Marla can see the uncertainty in her eyes.

MARLA

Its over. Winter is gone. You can't come back. You won't become a Deader...or one of them.

*
*
*

Marla looks to Pinhead, then back to Amy. They both know what she has to do.

*
*

MARLA

(her final words)
Only he can bring you back.

*

Amy sees the meat hanging off the chains. It used to be Winter. She glares at Pinhead with a sudden look of confidence, like a light bulb has gone off and she can finally see her way out. She raises the knife high in front of her.

*
*

The two SNAKE-TONGUED CENOBITES move in closer to Amy. They can't wait to have a little taste.

For a moment, Pinhead is pleased, then Amy begins the DEADER CHANT, but reverses its meaning.

AMY
My skin IS real. My eyes ARE
real. My muscles are real. My
bones, my heart, my veins and
nerves, and flesh and meat...
are real. What I see, what I
hear, what I taste, what I
touch, what I remember, what
I think, what I feel, is
real.

PINHEAD
It's too late to save
yourself. Your soul is mine
and mine alone. Your Father
is waiting for you. He misses
you so much.
(louder)
The only way out Amy Klein --
is THROUGH ME.

The Cenobites freeze for a beat and turn to Pinhead. They
haven't seen that before.

She stares Pinhead right in the eyes.

AMY
I didn't give my soul to him...

Amy points the knife at what's left of Winter.

AMY
...and I'm not giving it to you.

And with that Amy thrusts the knife into her chest. Pinhead
screams out.

PINHEAD
No!

The room starts to fill with a BRIGHT LIGHT. The Puzzle Box
starts to close as-

Pinhead and the boys are sucked back into the void, which
closes behind them.

Amy looks up from the knife planted deep in her gut-

- AND SMILES. She tips out of frame as the screen bleaches
white and we-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES RICKMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Where we suddenly find ourselves lost in some bright
flickering space, filled with the sound of static. Abruptly,
the static vanishes, the flickering space congeals -- and we
realize that we are watching a television screen.

And as we PULL BACK, we realize that we are seeing a news
report on from SNN (Satellite News Network).

*
*

We are in Charles's office. He's there watching this new report.

Images of what appear to be a terrible explosion fill the frame (stock footage from a terrorist attack in London perhaps?) Cars on fire, imploded building, panic in the street, etc...

The door opens and his assistant BETTY comes in. She watches Charles for a moment.)

BETTY

I just talked to the Police. Still, nothing. She's just gone. Left her **hotel**, left her clothes, left her money. No sign of her anywhere.

CHARLES

See no Amy. Hear no Amy...

BETTY

Just like Marla Chen. Apartment just left empty. No trace. **The police say its to early to file an official report.**

(off his concerned look)

Do you think they **she** with foul play?

CHARLES

(off the TV) I don't know, I just don't know.

(beat)

Too bad, too. It would have made a hell of a story. (beat)

I'm sure she'll come walking in here any minute, carrying with her my story.

Charles watches the report on the TV. Pandemonium in the streets.

It's a hell of a story, too. It just gets better and better. And it looks like I just may need somebody else crazy enough to go get it.

BETTY

Maybe you have. Your three o'clock's here.

Betty leans her head out of the room signalling someone out in the hall to come in.

A YOUNG BOMBSHELL REPORTER enters, holds out her hand to Charles who suddenly perks up as he takes it and leads her to the couch.

As he does we move past Charles and the young reporter to the TV. A REPORTER reports live from the scene of a terrible explosion in-

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REPORTER (V.O.)
Bucharest, Romania.

Over the continuing images of this destroyed building, surrounded by police cars and fire trucks, the sirens blaring over all the confusion, Charles courts the reporter.

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CHARLES
Miss Turner. It's a pleasure to meet you welcome you to our team. Let's cut right to it, shall we. I received this tape which I would like to show you...and well, I think it's a story you could really wrap your head around. I hope your willing to do so...

REPORTER (V.O.)
Witnesses say the building, located at the corner of Poteilari and Minvara just imploded. Firefighters have been on the scene for several hours now. Sources say the only thing that seemed to survive the collapse of the building was a this, (she holds up the puzzle box) this small relic, found incredibly, undamaged.

We move past the image of the puzzlebox on the TV and settle on the FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of AMY AND CHARLES in happier times - smiling. Probably the first time we've seen a smile on AMY'S FACE since the last time we've seen this picture.

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We get a sense that maybe she's finally at peace.

FADE OUT:

THE END